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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUGUST 19, 1953 — Vol. 21, No. 12

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LESSONS FROM TYPHOID SCARE

AUSTRALIANS are among the most health-conscious people in the world. The news, therefore, of a serious outbreak of typhoid was alarming.

Typhoid is an infectious disease associated with contamination and neglect of hygiene. Public reaction was: It can't happen here.

Yet it did. And the cases of typhoid were reported from widely scattered areas.

The prompt action of the authorities to trace all sources of infection has been one heartening aspect of the outbreak.

It's a far cry from the appalling situation in an English district some 50 years ago when out of a population of 134,000 more than 1800 caught the disease and 132 died of it.

This time, thanks to progress in science, including the speeding up of communications, and the alertness of the responsible authorities, the outbreak is being controlled.

One of the biggest factors in limiting any threatened epidemic is the public's awareness of the dangers and of the necessity for co-operation with the authorities.

It is up to everyone to read—and heed—warnings being given now on typhoid.

More than this, it is up to everyone to be alert to health education. In its simplest terms this is merely the willingness to take precautions against all disease.

Our cover:

● Our cover portrait of Princess Margaret, who celebrates her 23rd birthday on August 21, was taken by Dorothy Wilding, of London. The Princess is wearing a French grey dress of fine lace with a ballerina-length skirt.

This week:

● On page 13 is a story about the remarkable feat of Mrs. Vivian Cathro, of Burwood, N.S.W., in dieting away, under strict medical supervision, more than five stone in 18 weeks. Mrs. Cathro said that she now feels wonderfully improved in health. However, nobody should even dream of following her diet except with a doctor's approval.

Next week:

● The recent expedition led by American Professor A. R. Stirton to Lake Callabonna, in the far north-east of South Australia, to search for remains of diprotodons (monster marsupials that roamed this continent in ages past) met with considerable success. Professor Stirton returned to Adelaide laden with diprotodon bones and jubilant about his finds. He now hopes to locate skeletons of diprotodons' ancestors. Next week we have a report on this interesting subject of prehistoric animals and an interview with the professor on his experiences in the Lake Callabonna area. We also have some color pictures taken during the trek showing just how fossils are dug from their ancient resting-places.

● That plump and famous party-giver Elsa Maxwell recently entertained 200 guests in Paris. As is usual at a Maxwell party, the creme de la creme of international society was present. And with money of small consequence to the ladies, the frocking was something out of the ordinary. Photographer Alec Murray flew across to Paris from London to cover the party for us. Next week we publish what his color camera saw. Quite a bit of glamor it was, too.

The fascination of scientific deep-sea diving

Book review by AINSLIE BAKER

ACKNOWLEDGED as the world's greatest authority on modern deep-sea diving, Captain J. Y. Cousteau, of the French Navy, has, in "The Silent World," written a book of exceptional interest and of undoubted importance.

Captain Cousteau began goggle-diving and spear-fishing in the Mediterranean almost 30 years ago, and in 1945 founded the French Navy's Undersea Research Group. He is at present leading a French Navy round-the-world oceanographic expedition, which will take four years. His associate and co-author, Frederic Dumas, is chief diver.

It was Cousteau who developed the "aqualung," the underwater breathing apparatus which allows the wearer, independent of lines to the surface, to go to a depth of 300 feet and stay there for two hours, moving about with perfect freedom.

One of the most fascinating chapters is called "The Drowned Museum." Cousteau here retells the archaeological detective story that led to the locating and searching of an ancient wreck.

From the hulk of a vessel built by the Imperial Romans nearly 2000 years ago to carry looted Greek art treasures from Athens to Rome, the expedition raised marble columns that the sun had last shone on before the birth of Christ.

Cousteau calculated the argosy to be something like 130 feet long by 40 feet wide and to be two-thirds intact. It was covered with mud and sand and lay at 130 feet off the coast of Tunisia.

Objects raised included a millstone used by the cooks to grind grain, iron nails corroded to the thinness of a needle, bronze nails worn to bright threads, and pieces of Lebanon cedar still covered with their original varnish.

Cousteau gives some most interesting first-hand information about the dreaded "rapture," that intoxication of the great depths that can make a man throw away his life as merrily as he would toss aside a colored handkerchief.

"I like it, and fear it like doom," the author says.

The sometimes classic quality of the writing is nowhere more evident than in the superlative description of an underwater cave drama shared with Dumas when both were far gone in rapture of the depths.

Once, when 150 feet down, Cousteau cut his hand and the blood that flowed from it was green. Later, he observed a harpooned shark bleed green at 20 fathoms; at 55 feet the blood changed to brown, at 20 feet to pink, and on the surface the blood flow had become red.

There is a delightful interlude about the sea creatures met by the author and his team. They found most playful and most endearing a colony of monk seals on the Spanish Gold Coast of West Africa and previously thought to have been extinct since 1690.

The book is illustrated with fine black-and-white and color underwater photographs.

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Despite Vin's easy courtesy, Ann seemed tense as her eyes met Noel's

Instalment two of a 6-part mystery serial

By HELEN MACE

MURDER among those present

THE little Tasmanian town of Sutton buzzes with sensation when pretty, wanton JOY THOMAS is found drowned in the river. Speculation is rife as to whether her death was murder or suicide, but young schoolteacher NOEL VICARY, engaged to DR. TONY GRAY, feels sure that Joy was murdered.

Noel's fellow teachers are her friend, ANN GRAHAM, and SYLVIA KENNEDY, in love with RON KELLY, who was known to be interested in Joy.

Other personalities in the little town include JOHN and AILSA WALTERS, with whom Noel boards; MR. MARSH, the schoolmaster; and the REVEREND WILLIAM MEREDITH.

At an out-of-town party, haughty MILLICENT, sister of spoilt, selfish VIN PALMER, unwittingly admits to Noel that she met Joy just before her death. She hurries away. NOW READ ON:

I WAS still feeling shaken by the encounter with Millicent when a voice spoke beside me.

"Hullo. Where's Millie gone?" Millicent's erstwhile partner stood at my elbow, a long, interesting-looking glass in each hand.

The reference to the stately Millicent as "Millie" suddenly struck me as deliciously funny, and I giggled foolishly. "She was suddenly called away," I gurgled.

"Oh!" he said, rather nonplussed. "Well, you'd better have this." He thrust a glass into my hand and I accepted it gratefully.

"Cheers," said my new companion amiably, seating himself beside me and stretching his long legs. "Glad to sit for a while. These shows wear me out. Not as young as I was. You're Miss Vicary, aren't you? Thought I recognised that gorgeous mop. I'm Ken Farrel."

I murmured acknowledgment and we sipped our drinks in silence for a few minutes. A sudden pause in the dancing gave us a view of the open doorway across the room and I caught a glimpse of Millicent walking quickly along the passage. My companion noticed her, too.

"There goes Millie now," he said. "Looks a bit grim. Maybe she's tracking young Vin. Should have taken the silly ass home and put him to bed an hour ago."

I agreed. Vin Palmer had been hilariously drunk quite early in the evening.

"Time that young man took a pull," continued my companion. "Nearly put him out of the house a while ago. The parent is fairly easy-going, but she won't stand too much. She went to a lot of trouble over this do, and rowdies like Master Vincent can spoil any party. I should have thought he'd be a bit careful this evening, as Ann's among those present. Had an idea he'd been trying to impress her lately."

"Yes. He has been paying her a good deal of attention for some months," I agreed.

"And you don't approve, eh?" Ken Farrel lifted sleepy eyelids to regard me with unexpectedly shrewd and kindly eyes. "Don't worry. I've known Ann since she was a toddler, and she's quite capable of handling Vin if she feels so inclined. It'd be a good thing in a way. He's not really a bad youngster at heart, but he's been outrageously spoilt. A girl like Ann could probably make a decent man of him."

"Isn't he engaged to someone else?" I asked doubtfully.

"Oh, no. That was broken off some time ago. Girl decided to marry another chap on the spur of the moment, and just sent Vin an invitation to the wedding. Filthy thing to do. I think that made him wilder than ever."

He hoisted himself to his feet. "Better go and see if mother has anything else for me to do," he said. "The kid sister is too excited to be much use, even though it is her party." He favored me with his amiable grin and ambled off.

I felt suddenly flat and depressed and went in search of Ann and Tony to see if they were ready to go home. After some difficulty we located our hostess and, having made our adieux, went out into the cold to find Tony's car. After the gaily lighted house the grounds seemed very dark and it took a little time to find the car among the number parked in the long driveway. At length, however, we found it, and Tony opened the doors for us.

"Why, where's Ann?" he asked.

I looked around in some surprise. "She was right behind me," I answered. "Ann," I called, raising my voice.

"I'm coming," she answered rather breathlessly from some little distance away. I heard her quick, light steps on the gravel, followed by heavier, stumbling ones, and she came into the light of the headlamps with Vin Palmer shambling behind her.

"Gee, Ann," he grumbled as they reached us. "Why do you have to cold shoulder me like this? Just let me drive you home, there's a good girl." His drunkenness was becoming maudlin, and he put a heavy arm around her waist and pulled her towards him.

I stepped forward quickly. "Ann came with us, Vin, and we'll take her home, thanks."

He opened his mouth to protest, but closed it again as another figure stepped into the little circle of light.

"Vincent!" said Millicent Palmer, her voice tight with annoyance. "I'm waiting to go home. Come along. And I'll drive! Good-night, Ann. Good-night, Dr. Gray." She ignored me completely. Turning on her heel, she walked away with firm, purposeful strides, and, after a second's hesitation, Vin followed, like a whipped cur.

"His master's voice," whispered Tony in my ear as we got into the car.

Ann was very subdued during the drive home and barely spoke. Tony and I, respecting her mood, were equally quiet. I had intended to tell them of my conversation with Millicent Palmer, but I felt we had all had quite enough of the Palmer family for one evening, and thought it best to postpone any further discussion.

I had been longing for bed for hours, it seemed, but, when I slipped thankfully between the icy sheets, I found that the sleep I had waited for was slow in coming. When, at last, I did fall into a restless sleep, it was to be plunged into a nightmare in which the varied events of the day whirled in kaleidoscopic distortions, and I awoke feeling irritable and depressed.

Knowing that to do so would mean becoming involved in interminable discussions, I did not tell Ailsa that I had discovered the identity of Joy's mysterious visitor. I wanted to talk the whole thing over with Tony before I mentioned it to anyone else.

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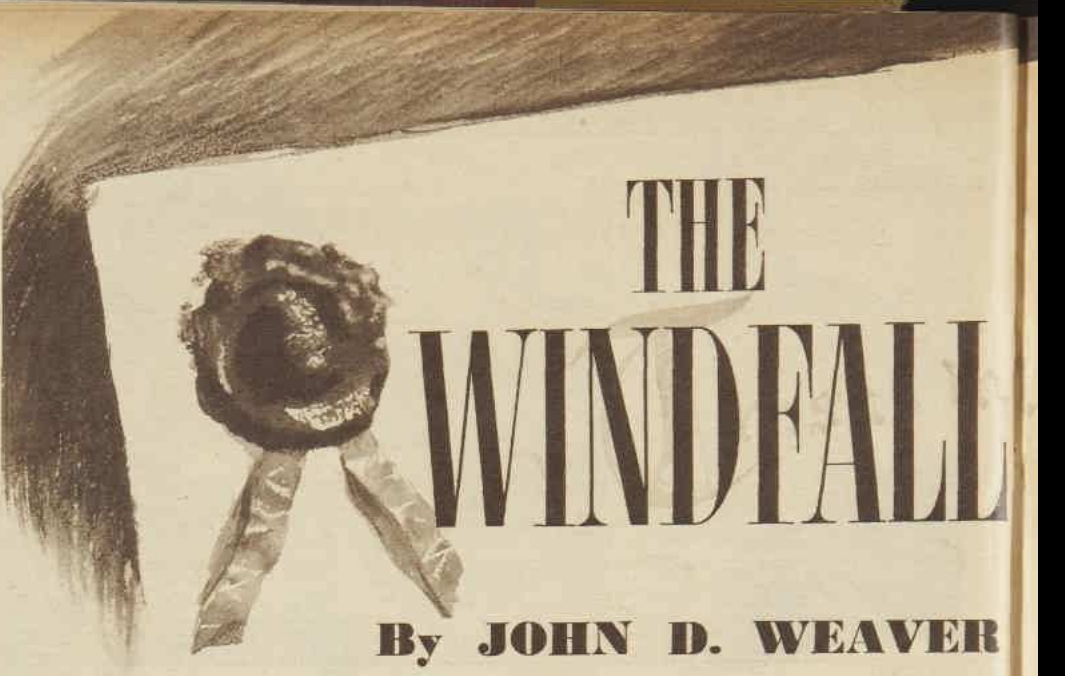

THE WINDFALL

By JOHN D. WEAVER

WHILE everybody else in town was wondering what in the world Miss Martha would do with all that money, Miss Martha was wondering whether Mickey Rooney would ever find true happiness.

He's the prisoner of his own fame and fortune, she thought, leaning heavily on Pamela Pruitt, whose article, The Mick Faces Up To Life, had distinguished last month's Film World.

"She'll probably travel," most people said, because it was what most people would do if they came into sudden wealth, particularly after having been shut up for twenty years in a sickroom.

"All Mickey really needs is the right girl," Miss Martha told Mr. Barnett, who ran the all-night news-stand between the all-night cafe and the hardware shop.

Mr. Barnett handed her the new Silver Screen with a picture of Cary Grant on the cover. He was worried about losing Miss Martha's trade, which for twenty years had been as regular as mortgage payments.

"Cary looks thin," Miss Martha said, as Mr. Barnett counted out her change. "You know, I'm afraid he's never really got over that yellow jaundice he caught in England. He went back to work too soon."

Miss Martha buttoned her change in a small, round purse and dropped it in her pocket-book.

She clucked her tongue sympathetically. "Betsy should make him eat custards."

It was difficult to break the habits of so long a time, but, as she walked down the main street, Miss Martha tried to move in a leisurely fashion. She forced herself to look in shop windows, dawdling over displays of summer frocks and suntan lotions.

She tried to realise that no one was fidgeting the hem of a counterpane, waiting to ask why it should take half an hour just to buy a magazine. Never again would she have to account for her time or adjust her reading to the hours of Mrs. Caskie's fitful sleep, reading always with her head cocked towards the invalid's open door, alerted for the slightest stirring of pain or fretfulness.

"If it was me, now," most people were saying, "I'd just get on a boat and go. I wouldn't care where, just as long as I kept going." Money, for most people in town, meant only an escape from a pattern of life determined by the absence of money.

Miss Martha paused in front of the Pioneer Theatre to study the advertising display for the new Gary Cooper picture. She hoped Gary and his wife would patch things up. Pamela Pruitt had had a long, serious talk with them.

Those quiet ones feel things so deeply, Miss Martha thought, and suddenly she realised she could go to the pictures in the afternoon now, any afternoon she wanted to.

In fact, she could go to the Odeon in the afternoon and to the Rialto the same night. She could even have dinner at the hotel. She could do just about anything she wanted to, she supposed.

"She deserves it, every halfpenny," most people said, but they couldn't help wishing, with an envy like a spring malaise, that the windfall had come to them.

I hope he'll be happy with Ava, Miss Martha thought as she passed the Rialto, where a Sinatra musical was playing. Nothing since Ingrid Bergman had so upset Miss Martha as the Sinatras. She was devoted to Nancy and the children—such a sweet, wholesome, little thing—and they had gone through so much together.

It was the same with Kirk Douglas and his wife. Sometimes Miss Martha wondered what happened to a nice young couple who start out together with nothing (Kirk used to be a waiter in New York) and after all the scrimping and sacrificing finally reach the top, only to separate. It seemed such a pity.

"I hope she squanders the money shamelessly," Caroline Ransom had been saying ever since the reading of Mrs. Caskie's will, and Arthur attributed this unnatural attitude to his wife's interesting and expensive condition.

"She hardly left the woman's side for twenty years," Caroline said. "She's entitled to have a little fun."

Caroline was Miss Martha's niece, her only living relative and sole heir, and it worried Arthur to think of Miss Martha's legacy being frittered away when it could be wisely invested.

He had one or two little suggestions of his own, which Caroline had forbidden him to broach to Aunt Martha. He slumped deeper into the easy chair they'd planned to have re-upholstered until the doctor confirmed Caroline's suspicions. The chair, like the new car, had yielded to biology.

"She ought to go to Hollywood," Caroline said. "She'd have such a wonderful time seeing all the stars and everything."

"How's she going to see all the stars? They don't have them in cages, you know."

"People see them. In restaurants, places like that."

"Bill and Shirley didn't see anybody when they were there."

"They saw Betty Hutton."

"Coming out of a restaurant."

"Well, at least they saw her."

"You don't blow twenty thousand quid just to see Betty Hutton walk out of a restaurant," Arthur said, and Caroline said there was no need to shout at her, and Arthur said he wasn't shouting, and it went on from there.

Miss Martha hadn't bothered to fix up her room at Mrs. Lawson's yet, because she wasn't sure how long she'd stay there, and, anyway, it was very comfortable just as it was.

Mrs. Lawson, like everybody else lately, had been awfully helpful, and Arthur had devoted most of last Saturday to helping her move. Caroline had come over to help with the unpacking, but Miss Martha hadn't let her do anything, not in her condition.

Such a sweet little couple, Miss Martha thought. She had Caroline's bridal portrait on her dressing-table, and a framed photograph of the wedding reception on the wall above the magazine rack.

She hoped Caroline would be sensible and take care of herself. She wanted her to read that story, if she could locate it, about Jeanne Crain, such a lovely little thing, and that beautiful new baby girl, Jeanine.

She thought the story was in last month's Cinema Secrets right after the two pages of pictures of Alan Ladd's ranch. It must be fun for Alan, after all those klieg lights, to get out to the ranch and play with David and Alana, and Sue was so clever with recipes.

Now, I mustn't be late for dinner, Miss Martha thought, because she knew how fussy Arthur was about eating on the dot of six-thirty. She had time, though, to read Armand D'Utreau's story on Bill Holden (The Light That Didn't Fail).

She was very fond of Bill and Brenda and the children. She hated it when they put Bill in mean parts and left him lying dead in a swimming-pool, but they did that kind of thing all the time out there.

I won't read anything else, just look at the pictures, Miss Martha thought, delighted with her little visit to the Holden house in Toluca Lake. She lingered over a picture of Jane Wyman ("Why I Married Again," Jane Says), surprised at how Maureen and Michael had grown since Pamela Pruitt's last interview.

The new Bob Taylor, on the next page, looked tired. Pamela said he'd thrown himself into his work, trying to forget. Miss Martha turned to a lovely colored photograph of Ingrid Bergman and her little boy, such a sturdy, handsome child. And now Ingrid had the twins.

Mrs. Caskie, rest her poor soul, just wouldn't have a thing to do with Ingrid after she met that Italian fellow Rossellini or something.

Oh dear, I'm going to be late, Miss Martha thought, and she was, but Caroline and Arthur were sweet about it.

"We can put the steak on any time," Caroline said, and Miss Martha hoped the children hadn't been too extravagant. They'd need every penny they could spare for the baby.

"How about a little drink?" Arthur said, which surprised Miss Martha. She knew the young people drank a cocktail

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She had been so poor for so many years that now the money had come to her she really didn't know how to spend it.

Never again would she have to account for her time or adjust her hours of reading her favorite magazines.

before dinner, but they'd always forgone it when she came to dinner. She hadn't come often, of course, because it was so seldom she could get away.

"Well, I don't know," Miss Martha said. She wasn't too familiar with the names of cocktails, and drink always made her think of poor Mr. Barrymore. "What do you all generally have?"

"An old-fashioned," Arthur said, and Miss Martha said that would be very nice indeed. It had a reassuring sound.

She smiled and turned to Caroline. "And how are we feeling, dear?" Somehow, in saying it, Miss Martha was abruptly plunged back into the sickroom, and she wished she could stop sounding like a practical nurse.

It must make other people feel uncomfortable, too, as though she were about to pop a thermometer in their mouth.

"It's good for the constitution," Arthur told her when he handed her the old-fashioned cocktail. "An excellent amendment."

Miss Martha though that was a very witty way of putting it, but Caroline seemed to have heard it before. The drink was in a squat glass with an unusually heavy bottom. It looked like a punch of some sort. It didn't taste like punch, though. It was kind of burny.

"It's delicious," Miss Martha said, and there was one of those awkward silences, with everybody smiling expectantly at everybody else.

Miss Martha asked if they'd picked out a name for the baby, and Caroline said, "No, not yet." She passed a small glass tray of canapes, and Arthur lighted another cigarette. The silence came back, and the uneasy smiles.

"We're thinking of Linda, if it's a girl," Caroline said.

Miss Martha tried to seem pleased. "It's a very pretty name, but, of course, I haven't cared for some of the parts they've given her lately."

Caroline nodded blankly. Arthur cleared his throat. "Linda Darnell," he said, and Caroline said, "Oh."

"But I hear she's very good in her next picture," Miss Martha said.

Arthur mixed a fresh drink for himself. Caroline and Aunt Martha smiled across the room at each other. Caroline was fidgeting with her gold locket. I declare, I think I'm feeling it, Miss Martha thought; it was a pleasantly warm and bolstering feeling.

She waited until Arthur came back to his big chair and lit another cigarette; then she smiled sweetly. "Aren't you going to ask about the money?" she said.

She helped Caroline pound the small of Arthur's back and he finally stopped choking, but his face was flushed and his eyes runny.

"I haven't really got it yet," Miss Martha said, "but Mr. Fields says it's a beautifully written will and there won't be a speck of trouble in court. He drew up the will, you know. I remember the day he came to the house."

The young people seemed restless, apparently not interested in that part of it. Mr. Fields had come into the living-room afterwards, she remembered, and drunk a cup of coffee with her.

She'd made biscuits that morning, and Mr. Fields, being a widower and eating at restaurants all the time, had just gone right through them. It had been one of Mrs. Caskie's better days, poor thing.

"You were saying . . .?" Arthur said, with a little cough.

"Oh, yes, about the will." Miss Martha hoped Arthur wasn't smoking too much. "Mr. Fields says there'll be taxes to pay."

"But even so——" Arthur said. He didn't go on with it. Caroline was frowning at him.

"Have you thought of travelling?" Caroline said. "You could even go to Hollywood."

"Yes, I've thought of that."

"Shirley says it's lovely in California."

"It rains all the winter," Arthur said. He'd scrunched around in his chair so he couldn't tell whether Caroline was looking at him or not. "And, of course, there's that terrible fog in San Francisco."

Afterwards, when Arthur got back from driving Aunt Martha home, Caroline was waiting at the door. "Well, you certainly made a spectacle of yourself," she said. "You did everything but go through her purse."

Arthur said he was tired; he had to get up in the morning and go to work. "And I suppose I just lie around the house all day?" Caroline said. Arthur said he didn't mean that, he just meant—— Caroline followed him into the bedroom, still talking.

Such a lovely couple, Miss Martha was thinking, and she wanted to get them a

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Pearls for Penny

No birthday gift could be as lovely as his love for her

By MAUREEN LUSON

PENNY opened the jewel case and was speechless for a second, her eyes blurring with ecstatic tears as she looked at the necklace and read what was written on the card:

"For our grown-up girl with Daddy's and Mummy's fond love."

Then the words tumbled from her: "Oh! How utterly heavenly! Oh, they're too good!"

She hugged her parents, laughing, tearful. "Real ones!"

"They're only small, Penny, but when you marry a rich husband, he can buy you some bigger ones," Daddy smiled at her. But she wasn't going to marry a rich husband, she was going to marry Benja. Though Benja might be rich some day. But that didn't matter.

"We've been buying them, one or two at a time, ever since you were born, darling," said Mummy.

Penny held the pearls, tiny and precious, in the palm of her hand; for twenty-one years, she thought, Mummy and Daddy had planned her twenty-first birthday present.

Her happiness sang within her—how wonderful it was to be Penny Bowen, twenty-one this morning, whose father and mother had given her real pearls, and to whom that pile of letters and parcels belonged.

And one of those parcels or one of those letters, would be from Benja.

She clasped the pearls round her neck and ran to the mirror to gloat over them.

"Wear them often, darling," said Mummy "They'll get a lovely color."

"I'll always wear them." Penny twined them in her fingers.

She thought of the white cloud of a dress that hung in her wardrobe; the dress for her party to-night. Above it the pearls would glow against the soft tan of her skin, warm with her love for Benja.

Benja liked her in white—he had said so. Maybe, to-night he would tell her he loved her in white.

"Do open the other things, darling. I'm dying to see what everyone's given you!" Mummy said.

"Oh, yes!" Penny flew back to the laden table. Which one would be Benja's?

She pulled at gay ribbons and cords; cellophane crackled and tissue paper whispered as each gift revealed itself. Her voice rose and fell in cadences of "Oh's," long, breathless Oh's, high, excited Oh's, and small, stifled Oh's.

A fitted travelling-case from Gran, a pigskin handbag from Aunt Elizabeth, a little clock that chimed from Aunt Janet and Uncle Tim, perfume and compacts and lipsticks from her girl-friends.

The last parcel was opened, but there was none from Benja. Penny started on the letters. It was lovely that still she hadn't found Benja's present, that she could still look forward to it.

There were cards, and cards, and cards. "You're Twenty-One Today!" "Congratulations On Attaining Your Majority!" "Many Happy Returns!"

There was nothing from Benja. But even as Penny dropped the last envelope, she thought: "How stupid I am. It will come by post."

Penny pictured him, his dark brows drawn close together, his mouth twisted, as it did when he was intent on anything, making a neat package, tying the string, knotting it with a reef knot, printing the address in clear, firm characters:

"Miss P. Bowen."

The telephone rang.

Penny rushed to answer it. Why, Benja would phone her, of course, to wish her a happy birthday, and say the present was on its way.

"Hallo? Penny here." Her voice was small and breathless as she waited for Benja's slow, very deep-toned "That you, Penny?"

But a shrill chattering flowed out of the receiver. It was Margaret, her very best girl-friend.

There were phone calls all the morning, and telegrams. The parcel post came—there were three parcels—but nothing from Benja.

Then Penny realised that Benja was going to bring his present with him to the party. He wanted to give it to her himself, watch her open it, look up at him and say: "Benja, it's beautiful!"

She shut herself in her room and practised looking up under her long, golden-tipped lashes, then opening her greeny-grey eyes very wide, then crinkling them with a smile. "Benja, it's beautiful," she murmured, trying it all ways.

Setting out her presents, arranging flowers in bowls and vases. Penny wondered what he would bring her, and whether he would tell her he loved her.

He did, she was sure, though they had met only a month and three days ago. He had asked her out eight times—nine if she counted the time she had met him in the lunch hour by chance, and they had coffee and sandwiches together.

Perhaps Benja didn't love her after all. Perhaps she was only a girl who was easy to talk to, nice to be seen around with. "Golden Penny," he had called her, and "Penny Pretty," and once, the last time they had gone out together, he had kissed her, very gently, and said: "Penny, you make an evening shorter than a dream, and as lovely."

Oh, she was sure he loved her. Heaps of the other girls had been crazy about him, and he hadn't noticed any of them—only her.

"I think of all the things I'd like to give you, Penny," he had said. "A cherry-tree in blossom, the flight of a blue wren, the scent of the sea breeze, the shadow of a cloud on the hills—all the lovely things you can't buy with money . . ."

"It hurts to love anyone so much," thought Penny. "And not be certain that he loves you."

She dressed for the party so that she would be ready very early. Benja would be early, she thought. She stood a long time before the mirror.

There must be magic in the pearls, she decided, that made her skin peach-golden, her eyes so brilliant, there must be an enchantment in the dress that whittled her waist to a stem, made her ankles reed-slender below the ice-white width of the skirt.

Margaret and two other girls arrived first. They gushed into the house like a waterfall, spilling excitement into every room as they exclaimed and commented:

"Gee! Those pearls, Penny! Aren't you lucky! And will you look at all those presents—and the flowers—and the cards!"

Then she heard Benja's voice as Daddy greeted him: "Hallo, Benja. Nice to see you, son."

She ran into the hall, the other girls behind her.

"Many, many happy returns, Penny Pretty," said Benja.

Margaret cried: "Look at her pearls, Benja! Real ones. She's just the luckiest girl!"

Benja held Penny's hands. The smile had gone from his eyes, and his face was empty suddenly. He looked at the pearls, tiny, lustrous globes against the satin skin.

"They're beautiful," he said slowly. "They belong to you, Penny."

THERE was a flurry of people arriving all at once, and Penny was busy greeting them, and, while she talked and laughed, a tiny, cold knob beat where her heart had been.

Benja hadn't brought her a present.

All the boys rushed her to dance. It was easy to pretend not to see Benja, hovering on the edge of the clamoring crowd.

She danced with all the boys and with Daddy, and then with all the boys again. Benja danced several dances, and then sat and talked to Aunt Elizabeth.

Penny flew into the kitchen to help Mummy with the finishing touches to the supper.

"Darling," said Mummy. "You look strained. Is something wrong?"

"Wrong?" cried Penny. "What could be wrong with this lovely, perfect day?"

And the cold knob grew colder and heavier. Benja hadn't asked her to dance—he could have pushed through the mob—he could, if he'd wanted to. He didn't love her, it was all a mistake. She was just a nice girl to know.

Towards the end of the evening it rained, heavy rain that drummed with tropical violence on the roof. Like the sky weeping, thought Penny, like her cold knob of heart bursting.

Aunt Elizabeth announced that she must go, rain or no rain. Daddy said he'd drive her. When he pulled the big golf umbrella out of the stand, something fell out, hitting the floor with a small thud.

"Whatever's that?" demanded Aunt Elizabeth. Penny stooped to pick up the little parcel. She held it close to her, and the cold knob disintegrated into a thousand, thousand warm, sparkling fragments, for on the card slipped under the string she saw, in Benja's pointed writing: "To Penny . . ."

"A surprise, I guess. For me." Penny tried to sound casual, but when she had kissed Aunt Elizabeth good-bye she fled to her room.

"To Penny," read the message on the card, "even if they were as real as my love, they would be so much less than a pennyworth. Benja."

She opened the parcel, opened the small, flat box, and saw the two strings of large, round, too-white pearls on their satin bed.

When she went back into the joyous pandemonium of the big lounge, she walked through the whirling couples to where Benja stood alone by the radiogram.

Her happiness shone from her, her eyes deep and secret—like sea-pools in sunlight; her fingers were touching the pearls at her throat.

"Oh, Benja. Benja, they're beautiful . . ."

And then, in spite of the dancers, the noise of chattering voices and the music, they were alone in a sphere of silence, Penny and Benja.

"You found them," he said. "I couldn't give them to you, Penny. Not when I saw the real ones. I wanted to give you something so perfect and all I had was sham pearls. And I couldn't explain. How could I explain to an exquisite little Snow Queen that I had brought such an unworthy present?"

"A Snow Queen," said Penny slowly. "That's just what I was. A Snow Queen with a heart of ice, cold and selfish so that I nearly lost the one thing I wanted more than any other. Oh, Benja, don't you see? Your pearls are so lovely to me because they're not real—any more than any fairy story is real—but they're a kind of symbol of a world full of fantasy and happy endings. Life won't always be real pearls, Benja, will it? But we won't mind, because we'll have our love."

The record had ended abruptly, and someone had pulled the cord that held the bunches of balloons aloft. The dancers were clapping as Benja took Penny in his arms and all around them floated the balloons, short-lived little worlds of many colors.

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"Oh, Benja," said Penny, her eyes shining, "Benja, they're so beautiful."

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The Euphio Question

LADIES and gentlemen of the Federal Communications Commission, I appreciate this opportunity to testify on the subject before you.

I'm sorry—or maybe "heartsick" is the word—that news has leaked out about it. But now that word is coming to your official notice, I might as well tell the story and pray that I can convince you that America doesn't want what we discovered.

I won't deny that all three of us—Lew Harrison, the radio announcer; Dr. Fred Bockman, the physicist; and myself, a sociology professor—all found peace of mind. We did.

And I won't say it's wrong for people to seek peace of mind. But if somebody thinks he wants peace of mind the way we found it, he'd be well advised to seek coronary thrombosis instead.

Lew, Fred, and I found peace of mind by sitting in easy chairs and turning on a gadget the size of a table-model television set. No herbs, no golden rule, no muscle control, no hobbies, Taoism, or contemplation of a lotus.

The gadget is, I think, what a lot of people vaguely foresaw as the crowning achievement of civilisation: an electronic something-or-other, cheap, easily mass-produced, that can, at the flick of a switch, provide tranquillity. I see you have one here.

My first brush with synthetic peace of mind was six months ago. It was also then that I got to know Lew Harrison, I'm sorry to say. Lew is chief announcer of our town's only radio station. He makes his living talking and I'd be surprised if it were anyone but he who brought this matter to your attention.

Lew has, along with about thirty other shows, a weekly science programme. Every week he gets some professor from Wyandotte College and interviews him about his particular field.

Well, six months ago Lew worked up a programme around a young dreamer and university friend of mine, Dr. Fred Bockman. I gave Fred a lift to the radio station, and he invited me to come on in and watch.

Fred Bockman is thirty and looks eighteen. Life has left no marks on him, because he hasn't paid much attention to it. What he pays most of his attention to, and what Lew Harrison wanted to interview him about, is this eight-ton umbrella of his that he listens to the stars with.

It's a big radio antenna rigged up on a telescope mount. The way I understand it, instead of looking at the stars through a telescope, he aims this thing out in space and picks up radio signals coming from different heavenly bodies.

Of course, there aren't people running radio stations out there. It's just that many of the heavenly bodies pour out a lot of energy and some of it can be picked up in the radio-frequency band.

One good thing Fred's rig does is to spot stars hidden from telescopes by big clouds of cosmic dust. Radio signals from them get through the clouds to Fred's antenna.

This isn't all the outfit can do, and, in his interview with Fred, Lew Harrison saved the most exciting part until the end of the programme.

"That's very interesting, Dr. Bockman," Lew said. "Tell me, has your radiotelescope turned up anything else about the universe that hasn't been revealed by ordinary light telescopes?"

This was a surprise. "Yes, it has," Fred said. "We've found about fifty spots in space, not hidden by cosmic dust, that give off powerful radio signals. Yet no heavenly bodies at all seem to be there."

"Well!" Lew said in mock surprise. "I should say that is something! Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time in radio history, we bring you the noise from Dr. Bockman's mysterious voids."

They had strung a line out to Fred's antenna on the campus. Lew waved to the engineer to switch in the signals coming from it. "Ladies and gentlemen, the voice of nothingness!"

The noise wasn't much to hear—a wavering hiss, more like a leaking tyre than anything else. It was supposed to be on the air for five seconds. When the engineer switched it off, Fred and I were inexplicably grinning like idiots. I felt relaxed and tingling. Lew Harrison glanced at the studio clock, appalled.

The monotonous hiss had been on the air for five minutes! If the engineer's cuff hadn't accidentally caught on the switch, it might be on yet.

Lew hunted for his place in the script. "The hiss from nowhere," Lew said. "Dr. Bockman, has anyone proposed a name for these interesting voids?"

"No," Fred said. "At the present time they have neither a name nor an explanation."

The voids the hiss came from have still to be explained, but I've suggested a name for them that shows signs of sticking: "Bockman's Euphoria." We may not know what the spots are, but we know what they do, so the name's a good one. Euphoria, since it means a sense of buoyancy and well-being, is really the only word that will do.

After the broadcast, Fred, Lew, and I were cordial to the point of being maudlin.

"I can't remember when a broadcast has been such a pleasure," Lew said. Sincerity is not his forte, yet he meant it.

"It's been one of the most memorable experiences of my life," Fred said, looking puzzled.

We were all embarrassed by the emotion we felt, and parted in bewilderment. I hurried home, only to walk into the middle of another unsettling experience.

The house was quiet, and I made two trips through it before discovering that I was not alone. My wife, Susan, a good and lovable woman who prides herself on feeding her family well and on time, was lying on the couch, staring dreamily at the ceiling. "Dear," I said tentatively, "I'm home. It's supper-time."

"Fred Bockman was on the radio to-day," she said in a faraway voice.

"I know. I was with him in the studio."

"He was out of this world," she sighed. "That noise from space—when he turned that on, everything just seemed to drop away from me. I've been lying here, just trying to get over it."

"Uh-huh," I said, biting my lip. "Well, I guess I'd better round up Eddie." Eddie is my ten-year-old son, and captain of an apparently invincible neighborhood baseball team.

"Save your strength, Pop," said a small voice.

"What's the matter? Game called off?"

"Nope. We finished eight innings."

"Beating 'em so bad they don't want to go on, eh?"

"Oh, they were doing pretty well." He talked as though he were recounting a dream. "And then," he said, his eyes widening, "everybody kind of lost interest, just wandered off. I came home and found the old lady curled up here, so I lay down on the floor."

"Why?" I asked incredulously.

"Pop," Eddie said, "I'm blessed if I know."

"Eddie!" his mother said.

"Mum," Eddie said, "I'm blessed if you know, either."

I was blessed if anybody could explain it, but I had a nagging hunch. I dialled Fred Bockman's number. "Fred, am I getting you up from dinner?"

"I wish you were," Fred said. "Not a scrap to eat in the house, and I let Marion have the car to-day

By KURT VONNEGUT

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

so she could do the marketing. Now she's trying to find a grocery open."

"Couldn't get the car started, eh?"

"Oh, yes. She got the car started," said Fred. "She even got to the market. Then she felt so good she walked right out of the place again." Fred sounded depressed. "I guess it's a woman's privilege to change her mind, but it's the lying that hurts."

"Marion lied? I don't believe it!"

"She tried to tell me everybody wandered out of the market with her—clerks and all."

"Fred," I said, "I've got news for you. Can I drive out after supper?" . . .

When I arrived at Fred Bockman's farm, he was staring, dumbfounded, at the evening paper.

"The whole town went nuts!" Fred said. "For no reason at all, all the cars pulled up. Says here people shut up in the middle of sentences and stayed that way for five minutes. Hundreds wandered around in the cold in their shirt-sleeves, grinning like toothpaste ads. That what you wanted to talk about?"

I nodded. "It all happened when that noise was being broadcast, and I thought maybe——"

"The odds are about one in a million that there's any maybe about it," said Fred. "The time checks to the second."

"But most people weren't listening to the programme."

"They didn't have to listen, if my theory's right. We took those faint signals from space, amplified them about a thousand times, and rebroadcast them. Anybody within reach of the transmitter would get a good dose of the stepped-up radiations, whether he wanted to or not." He shrugged. "Apparently that's like walking past a field of burning marihuana."

"How is it you never felt the effect at work?"

"Because I never amplified and rebroadcast the signals. The radio station's transmitter is what really put the sock into them."

"So what're you going to do next?"

Fred looked surprised. "Do? What is there to do but report it in some suitable journal?"

Without a knock, the front door burst open and Lew Harrison swept into the room.

"You're cutting him in on it, too?" he demanded, pointing at me.

Fred blinked at him. "In on what?"

"The millions," Lew said. "The billions."

Fred said, "What are you talking about?"

"The noise from the stars!" Lew said. "They love it. It drives 'em nuts. Didja see the papers? It was the noise that did it, wasn't it, Doc?"

"We think so," Fred said. He looked worried. "How, exactly, do you propose we get our hands on these millions or billions?"

"Real estate!" Lew said raptly. "'Lew,' I said to myself, 'Lew, how can you cash in on this? And, Lew,' I asked myself, 'how can you sell the stuff when anybody can get it free while you're broadcasting it?'"

"Maybe it's the kind of thing that shouldn't be cashed in on," I said uneasily.

"Is happiness bad?" Lew interrupted hotly.

"No," I admitted.

"Okay, and what we'd do with this stuff from the stars is make people happy."

"People ought to be happy," Fred said.

"Okay, okay," Lew said loftily. "That's what we're going to do for the people. And the way the people can show their gratitude is in real estate."

He looked out the window. "Good—a barn. We can start right there. We set up a transmitter in the barn, run a line out to your antenna, Doc, and we've got a real-estate development."

"Sorry," Fred said. "I don't follow you. This place wouldn't do for a development. The roads are poor, no bus service or shopping centre, the view is awful."

Lew nudged Fred several times with his elbow. "Doc, Doc, Doc—naturally, it's got drawbacks, but with that transmitter in the barn, you can give them the most precious thing in all creation—happiness."

"Euphoria Heights," I said.

"That's great!" said Fred. "I'd get the prospects, Doc, and you'd sit up there in the barn with your hand on the switch. Once a prospect set foot on Euphoria Heights, and you shot the happiness to him, there's nothing he wouldn't pay for a lot."

"Every house a home, as long as the power doesn't fail," I said.

"Then," Lew said, his eyes shining, "when we sell all the lots here, we move the transmitter and start another development. Maybe we'd get a fleet of transmitters going." He snapped his fingers. "That's it! Mount 'em on wheels."

"I somehow don't think the police would think highly of us," Fred said.

"So what? When they come to investigate, you throw the old switch and give them a jolt of happiness." He shrugged. "Why, I might even get big-hearted and let them have a corner lot."

"No," Fred said quietly. "If I ever joined a church, I couldn't face the minister."

"So we give him a jolt," Lew said brightly.

"No," Fred said. "Sorry."

"All right," Lew said, rising and pacing the floor. "I was prepared for that. I've got an alternative, and this one's strictly legitimate. We'll make a little amplifier with a transmitter and an aerial on it. Shouldn't cost over fifty bucks to make, so we'd price it in the range of the common man—five hundred bucks, say.

"We make arrangement with the phone company to pipe signals from your antenna right into the homes of the people with these sets. The sets take the signal from the phone line, amplify it, and broadcast it through the houses to make everybody in them happy. See? Instead of turning on the radio or television, everybody's going to want to turn on the happiness. No casts, no stage sets, no expensive cameras—no nothing but that hiss."

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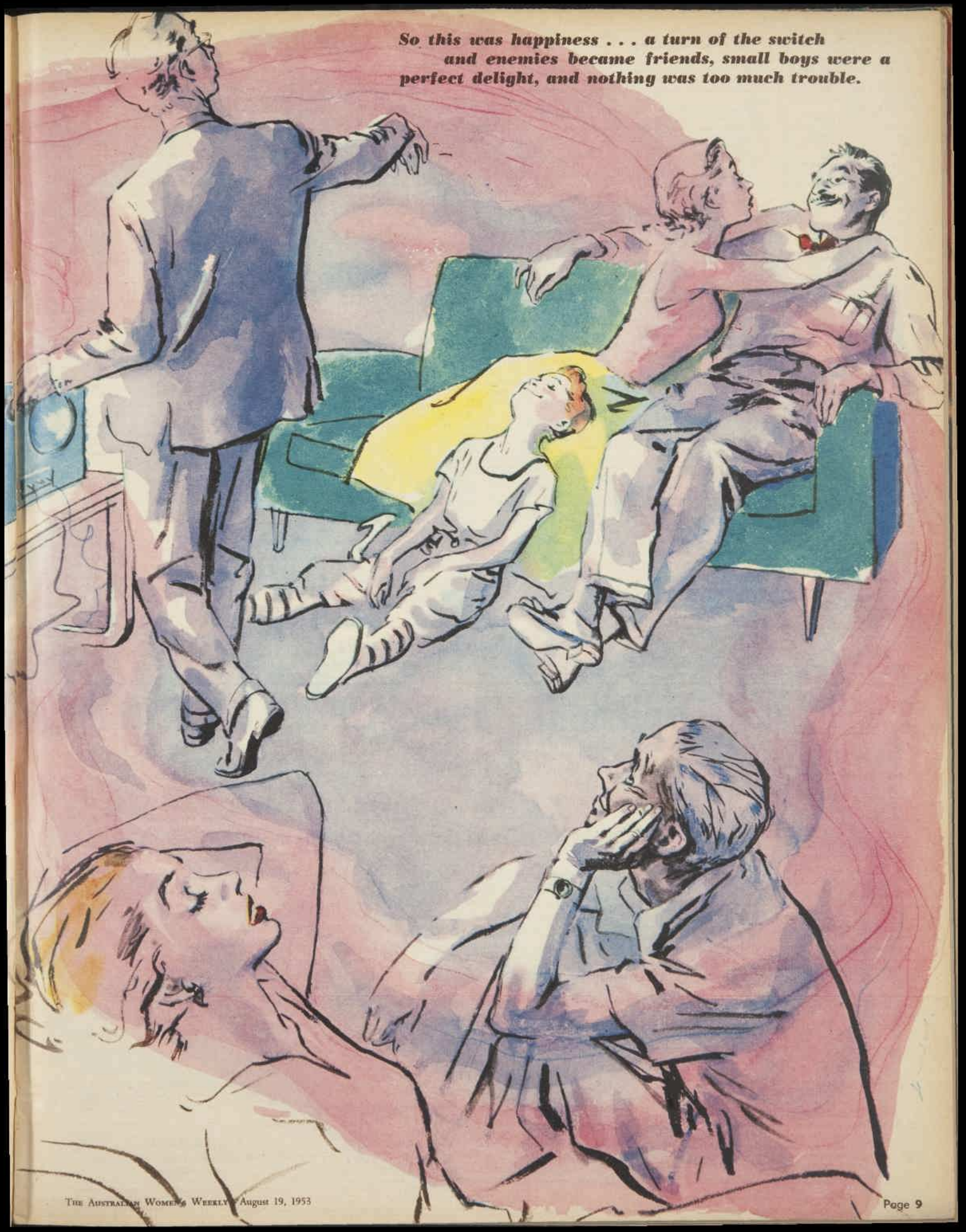

So this was happiness . . . a turn of the switch and enemies became friends, small boys were a perfect delight, and nothing was too much trouble.

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Continuing . . . . The Euphio Question

from page 9

"We could call it the euphoriaphone," I suggested, "or 'euphio' for short."

"That's great, that's great!" Lew said. "What do you say, Doc?"

"I don't know." Fred looked worried. "This sort of thing is out of my line."

"We all have to recognise our limitations, Doc," Lew said expansively. "I'll handle the business end, and you handle the technical end."

He made a motion as though to put on his coat. "Or maybe you don't want to be a millionaire?"

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed I do," Fred said quickly. "Yes, indeed."

"All righty," Lew said, dusting his palms, "the first thing we've got to do is build one of the sets and test her."

This part of it was down Fred's alley, and I could see the problem interested him. "It's really a pretty simple gadget," he said. "I suppose we could throw one together and run a test out here next week."

. . . . . .

The first test of the euphoriaphone, or euphio, took place in Fred Bockman's living-room on a Saturday afternoon, five days after Fred and Lew's sensational radio broadcast.

There were six guinea-pigs—Lew, Fred, and his wife, Marion, myself, my wife, Susan, and my son, Eddie. The Bockmans had arranged chairs in a circle around a card table, on which rested a grey steel box.

Protruding from the box was a long buggy whip of an aerial that scraped the ceiling. While Fred fussed with the box, the rest of us made nervous small talk over sandwiches and beer.

Eddie, of course, wasn't drinking beer, though he was badly in need of a sedative. He was annoyed at having been brought out to the farm instead of taken to the football and was threatening to take it out on the Bockmans' Early American furnishings.

He was playing a spirited game near the french doors, using a dead tennis ball and a poker for a bat.

"Eddie," Susan said for the tenth time, "please stop."

"It's under control, under control," Eddie said disdainfully, playing the ball off four walls and catching it with one hand.

Marion, who vents her maternal instincts on her immaculate furnishings, couldn't hide her distress at Eddie's turning the place into a gymnasium. Lew, in his way, was trying to calm her.

"Let him wreck the dump," Lew said. "You'll be moving into a palace one of these days."

"It's ready," Fred said softly.

We looked at him with surprise, uneasiness. Fred plugged two jacks from the phone line into the grey box. This was the direct line to his antenna at the college, and clockwork would keep the antenna fixed on one of the mysterious voids in the sky—the most potent of Bockman's Euphoria.

He plugged a cord from the box into an electrical outlet in the baseboard, and rested his hand on a switch. "Ready?"

"Don't, Fred!" I said. Suddenly I was scared stiff.

"Turn it on, turn it on," Lew said. "We wouldn't have the telephone to-day if Bell hadn't had the courage to call somebody up."

"I'll stand right here by the switch, ready to flick her off if something goes sour," Fred said reassuringly. There was a click, a hum, and the euphio was on.

A deep, unanimous sigh filled the room. The poker slipped from Eddie's hands. He moved across the room in a stately sort of waltz, sat down by his mother, and laid his head in her lap. Fred drifted away from his post, humming, his eyes half closed.

Lew Harrison was the first to speak, continuing his conversation with Marion. "But who cares for material wealth?" he asked earnestly. He turned to Susan for confirmation.

"Uh-uh," said Susan, shaking her head dreamily. She put her arms around Lew, and kissed him for about five minutes.

"Say," I said, patting Susan on the back, "you two get along well, don't you? Isn't that nice, Fred?"

"Eddie," Marion said solicitously, "I think there's a real baseball in the hall closet. A hard ball. Wouldn't that be more fun than that old tennis ball?" Eddie didn't stir.

Fred was still prowling around the room, smiling, his eyes now closed all the way. His heel caught in a lamp cord, and he went sprawling on the hearth, his head in the ashes.

"Hi-ho, everybody," he said, his eyes still closed. "Bunged my head on the fender." He stayed there, giggling occasionally.

"The doorbell's been ringing for a while," Susan said. "I don't suppose it means anything."

"Come in, come in," I shouted. This somehow struck everyone as terribly funny. We all laughed uproariously, including Fred, whose guffaws blew up little grey clouds from the ashpit.

A SMALL, very serious old man in white had let himself in, and was now standing in the vestibule, looking at us with alarm.

"Milkman," he said uncertainly. He held out a slip of paper to Marion. "I can't read the last line in your note," he said. "What's that say about cottage cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese . . ."

His voice trailed off as he settled, tailor-fashion, to the floor beside Marion. After he'd been silent for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, a look of concern crossed his face.

"Well," he said apathetically, "I can only stay for a minute. My truck's parked out on the corner, kind of blocking things." He started to stand. Lew gave the volume knob on the euphio a twist. The milkman wilted to the floor.

"Aaaaaaaaaah," said everybody.

"Good day to be indoors," the milkman said. "Radio says we'll catch the tail end of the Atlantic hurricane."

"Let 'er come," I said. "I've got my car parked under a big dead tree." It seemed to make sense. Nobody took exception to it. I lapsed back into a warm fog of silence and thought of nothing whatsoever.

These lapses seemed to last for a matter of seconds before they were interrupted by conversation or newcomers. Looking back, I see now that the lapses were rarely less than six hours.

I was snapped out of one, I recall, by a repetition of the doorbell's ringing. "I said come in," I mumbled.

"And I did," the milkman said.

The door swung open and a traffic cop glared in at us. "Who's got his milk truck out there blocking the road?" he demanded. He spotted the milkman. "Aha! Don't you know somebody could get killed coming around a blind curve into that thing?"

He yawned, and his ferocious expression gave way to an affectionate smile. "It's so unlikely," he said, "I don't know why I ever brought it up." He sat down by Eddie. "Hey, kid—like guns?" He took his revolver from its holster. "Look—just like Hoppy's."

Eddie took the gun, aimed it at Marion's bottle collection, and fired. A large blue bottle popped to dust, and the window behind the collection splintered. Cold air roared in through the opening.

"He'll make a cop yet," Marion chortled.

"Gosh, I'm happy," I said, feeling a little like crying. "I've got the most wonderful little kid and the best bunch of friends and the grandest old wife in the world." I heard the gun go off twice more, and then dropped into heavenly oblivion.

Again the doorbell roused me. "How many times do I have to tell you—come in," I said, without opening my eyes.

"I did," the milkman said.

I heard the tramping of many feet, but had no curiosity about them. A little later, I noticed that I was having difficulty in breathing. Investigation revealed that I had slipped to the floor and that several Boy Scouts had bivouacked on my chest and abdomen.

"You want something?" I asked the tenderfoot whose hot, measured breathing was in my face.

"Beaver Patrol wanted old newspapers, but forget it," he said. "We'd just have to carry 'em somewhere."

"And do your parents know where you are?"

"Oh, yes. They got worried and came after us." He jerked his thumb at several couples lined up against the baseboard, smiling into the teeth of the wind and rain lashing in at them through the broken window.

"Mum, I'm hungry," Eddie said.

"Oh, Eddie—you're not going to make your mother work just when we're having such a wonderful time," Susan said.

Lew Harrison gave the euphio's volume knob another twist. "There, kid, how's that?"

"Aaaaaaaaaaah," said everybody.

When awareness intruded on oblivion again, I felt around for the Beaver Patrol and found them missing. I opened my eyes to see that they and Eddie and the milkman and Lew and the cop were standing by the picture window, cheering.

The wind outside was roaring and slashing savagely and driving raindrops through the broken window as though they'd been fired from air rifles. I shook Susan gently, and together we went to the window to see what might be so entertaining.

"She's going, she's going, she's going," the milkman cried ecstatically.

Susan and I arrived just in time to join in the cheering as a big tree crashed down on our sedan.

"Kee-runch!" said Susan, and I laughed until my stomach started to hurt.

"Get Fred," Lew said urgently. "He's going to miss seeing the garage go!"

"H'mmm?" Fred said from the fireplace.

"Ah, Fred, you missed it," Marion said.

"Now we're really going to see something," Eddie yelled, "The power line's going to get it this time. Look at that poplar leaning!"

The poplar leaned closer, closer, closer to the power line; and then a gust brought it down in a hail of sparks and a tangle of wires. The lights in the house went off.

Now there was only the sound of the wind. "How come nobody cheered?" Lew said faintly. "The euphio—it's off!"

A horrible groan came from the fireplace.

"Help! I think I've got a concussion."

Marion knelt by her husband and wailed. "Darling, my poor darling—what happened to you?"

I looked at the woman I had my arms around—a dreadful, dirty old hag, with red eyes sunk deep in her head and hair like Medusa's. "Ugh," I said, and turned away in disgust.

"Honey," wept the witch, "it's me—Susan."

Moans filled the air, and pitiful cries for food and water. Suddenly the room had become terribly cold. Only a moment before, I had imagined I was in the tropics.

"Who's got my pistol?" the cop said bleakly.

A telegram boy whom I hadn't noticed was sitting in a corner miserably leafing through a pile of telegrams and making clucking noises.

I shuddered. "I'll bet it's Sunday morning," I said. "We've been here twelve hours!"

The boy was thunderstruck. "Sunday morning? Suffering cats! I walked in here on a Sunday night and only saw the sun rise once." He stared around the room. "Looks like them newsreels of Buchenwald, don't it?"

The chief of the Beaver

To page 34

MORE ACTIVE FULL-STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS

—For complete dental protection

★ Instantly Destroys Mouth Odours!

★ Tones up tender gums! ★ Cuts dental decay!

Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the utmost benefits of chlorophyll...*complete dental protection.*

Kolynos with Chlorophyll tones up tender gums and reduces tooth decay. It destroys mouth odours *instantly* — doesn't just "cover them up." Your *whole* mouth feels so fresh and wholesome for hours. Your teeth sparkle with new brightness.

Today, buy your large or medium size tube of Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll. Get *more* Chlorophyll protection — the KOLYNOS way.

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Regular Kolynos in the yellow tube available everywhere

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...and keep slim with Vita-Weat

Crisply baked, golden-brown Vita-Weat! Delicious to taste and full of the goodness of whole wheat. Serve it with meals, for picnics, parties and lunches. Eat Vita-Weat as your daily Crispbread to keep your energy up and your weight down.

Peek Frean's

Vita-Weat (REGD.)

CRISPBREAD

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"I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair"

says **MARY LA ROCHE** bright and lovely star of New York hit musical **"South Pacific"** *brought to Australia by J.C. Williamson's*

AND AS SHE SINGS THIS SONG, MARY SHAMPOOS HER HAIR ON STAGE — 8 TIMES A WEEK!

"I must have the most-shampooed hair in history", says Mary La Roche. "8 shampoos a week for a year — that makes me something of an expert on shampoos these days! That's why, when it comes to my home shampoo, I choose 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo. You can imagine what my hair would be like if I didn't give it this proper home beauty care. I've tried almost every shampoo there is, but none can beat the gentle, soft cleansing action of 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo. I find its thick foam is so light and tender — it leaves my hair so soft and shiny."

Every wonderful thing "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo does for lovely Miss La Roche's hair, it will do for yours. Give your hair this simple, refreshing beauty treatment at home this week-end — "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo. You'll be thrilled at the new soft silken sheen it brings to your hair.

Mary La Roche

And here you see one of Mary's quick-change acts. "Within a few minutes of the shower, I'm back on stage all dressed up for the next big scene! Off stage I only have time to give my hair a couple of quick touches with the comb — but my curls just fall into place." "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo leaves your hair soft and easy to manage — curls last longer.

LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!

Ordinary shampoos, even the most expensive, leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils — needs no special rinses. Perfect for oily, dry or waterfast dyed hair. It leaves your hair clean, full of sheen.

In 2 oz. and 4 oz. sizes at chemists and stores.

TRADE MARK

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LIQUID SHAMPOO

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Lost 5 stone in 18 weeks

OLD LOOK for Mrs. Charles Cathro, of Burwood, N.S.W., photographed with her husband, was the plump look, a round face and full figure.

NEW LOOK for Mrs. Cathro, seen here with her nine-year-old son Kim and husband Charles, is the slim look, after an 18 weeks' diet. "I'm the right weight now," she said, "and I intend to maintain it."

Medical diet—plus willpower—restores housewife's health

Eighteen weeks of dieting have taken Mrs. Vivian Cathro, of Burwood, N.S.W. out of the XXXXOS frock department into W size, from low heels to high, from 15 stone to just over 10, and from sickness into health. Mrs. Cathro was suffering from obesity, heart trouble, and rheumatoid arthritis.

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

THIS was the diet, followed on doctor's advice, which, she claims, has made her feel a young woman again:

On waking: Pure orange juice—usually a glass full.
Breakfast: Cup of tea.
Mid-morning: Cup of meat extract.
Lunch: Two apples.
Afternoon: Cup of tea.
Dinner: Two apples.
Supper: Cup of tea.

"It would be unwise for people to adopt this diet without medical instruction," said Mrs. Cathro's doctor. "In the case of my patient, Mrs. Cathro, the diet is perfectly safe and well balanced."

"When I saw my doctor in February," said Mrs. Cathro, "he advised this diet (which also included half a pint of milk a day rationed into the cups of tea) and said that I could live on it and on my own fat.

"He warned me that my arthritis would never improve if I carried so much weight around. And he said, 'Try it out.' So I went home to my husband and nine-year-old son, Kim, and told them I was going on a diet.

"To make it worse, Charles had brought home a box of my favorite chocolates. They were up on the mantelpiece staring at me."

When I visited Mrs. Cathro's home in Wyatt Avenue, Burwood, I saw a woman whom I could never have imagined as being fat. Mrs. Cathro, in her middle forties, stands about five feet four inches, has soft white hair which grows to a widow's peak, and a face with a finely modelled bone structure.

Her figure is neat, pleasantly in-between thinness and plumpness. Her arms and legs are slender and her waist is trim.

"In January I waddled," Mrs. Cathro stated firmly. "I leant on a stick and was puffed out by the time I got up to the corner. In fact, Charles did most of my shopping for me. If I went out visiting I would sit down in a chair and not be able to get out of it."

These days, however, she can sit in a low-slung chair and rise without trouble, can hurry off to shopping, feeling she is "walking on air."

During the 18 weeks' diet period, Mrs. Cathro estimates that she ate 504 Jonathan and Delicious apples. While preparing meals for Kim and her husband, she was able to endure the smell of steak and kidney pies, of grilling chops, and of luscious pineapple pies.

"I'd put their meal in the dining-room," she told me, "but couldn't sit there while they ate. I'd just pick up my plate, knife, and apples and take them into the sitting-room. Sometimes I'd peel the skin and slice the apples while tears ran down my cheeks.

"Asleep and awake I dreamed of food—and would wake up sometimes imagining I had just eaten roast pork with crackling. Then I'd know I hadn't."

Each day after Kim had gone off to school and Mr. Cathro to work, Mrs. Cathro would leave the house to be weighed.

"By the time I was half-way through the diet, the weighing-machine man was as interested in my progress as I was," she laughed. "As he'd give me the card, he'd say, 'You're still keeping to it,' but as the time went by he began to say, 'Don't overdo it now, Mrs. Cathro.'

"Well, I didn't overdo it. I reached the mark set by my doctor and am now allowed grills and vegetables."

Her rewards have been many.

"Now people can't realise how slim I am," she said. "My greatest friends have passed me in the street, not knowing me. And a woman I know stopped me a few weeks ago and said:

" 'Mrs. Cathro, I thought you were dead.' I looked surprised, and she went on:

" 'You see, my boy came home and said to me: "Mum, Mrs. Cathro must be dead, I think. There's a pretty nurse looking after Kim and Mr. Cathro."

" 'But I see now,' the neighbor went on, 'that you are the pretty nurse.' "

To me, Mrs. Cathro said, "That boy was right, you know. The old Mrs. Cathro, as far as I am concerned, IS dead. I feel a new Mrs. Cathro now."

In her husband's eyes she is once more like the pretty, fair-complexioned girl he married. English-born, Mrs. Cathro lived in the Lake District, migrated to Australia, and trained as a nursing sister.

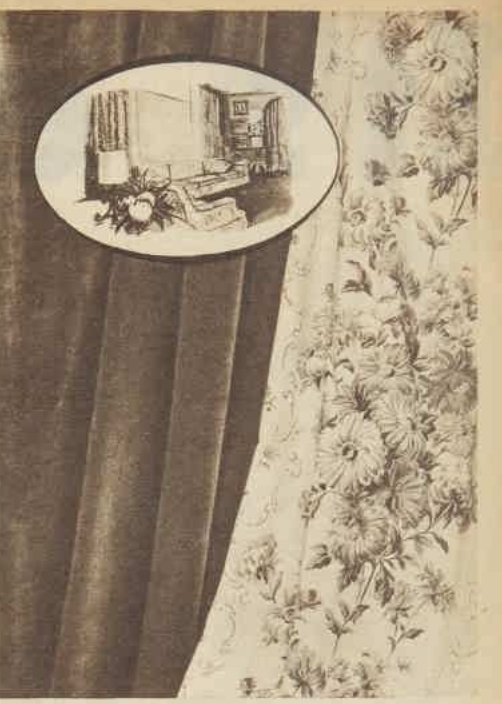
"She can throw some of her old clothes away now," said Mr. Cathro.

"Yes, I will," answered Mrs. Cathro, folding up an XXXXOS evening dress, top-coat, and frock. "And, now that the spring fashions are on show, I feel it's time to buy an evening dress and some dresses in W size."

"I'm taking Mum dancing," said young Kim. "She's promised to come square dancing with me. Haven't you, Mum?"

HOW MRS. CATHRO REDUCED

	Before	After	Difference
WEIGHT	15st. 7lb.	10st. 5lb.	5st. 2lb.
BUST	52in.	34in.	18in.
WAIST	50in.	28in.	22in.
HIPS	62in.	36in.	26in.



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Princess Margaret "won't marry young"

Predictions recalled on eve of birthday

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

While the world is debating whether Princess Margaret will marry Group-Captain Peter Townsend, it is being recalled that when she was six weeks old "The People," a London Sunday paper, published the predictions of a numerologist called Julia Seton.

These predictions are particularly apt now on the eve of the Princess' birthday, August 21, when she will be 23.

PRINCESS MARGARET on her return to London after the Rhodesian tour. Friends say the Princess' recent subdued conduct has been deliberately chosen to help kill publicity linking her name with Group-Captain Peter Townsend's.

JULIA SETON wrote: "All her life Margaret Rose will win through by her wonderful powers of attraction. She will have an extraordinarily attractive personality and will conquer by charm and winning ways—not authority.

"This girl has none of the marrying numbers in her name. If she marries it will not be at an early age.

"She is a fine character, idealistic, not materialistic. She will become deeply religious—religion linked with an intense love of humanity.

"She will be unable to live without beauty and the arts. She will strive always to make people happy and to bring beauty into their lives.

"She will try to raise her people to a higher level of spiritual ideals. In her efforts to achieve this she may marry a man older than herself—whom she feels may help her to do this."

The predictions are proving amazingly true.

Princess Margaret's charm is world-renowned, and she has shown she is in no hurry to marry.

Over the past four years Princess Margaret's name has been linked with no fewer than 26 different young men.

Speculation on which of her suitors she would marry was always lighthearted. It was dismissed happily as, one after another, all her beaus married and she turned up at their weddings to wish them happiness.

Princess Margaret has always said she would never marry a man who couldn't laugh easily.

She has said she hates anyone ponderous or pompous, and though she loves gaiety she is known to have rejected suitors because they were notable only for their gaiety.

Just before Princess Margaret's last birthday, the Earl of Dalkeith announced his engagement to Jane McNeil in time to stop rumors that he and the Princess would announce their engagement at Balmoral.

This year the speculation is whether the Queen, as head of the Anglican Church, can approve the marriage of her sister—third in succession to the Throne and a Counsellor of State—to a man who has been divorced.

Her 23rd birthday will be celebrated at Balmoral with a quiet family party instead of a ball in the Castle.

The only guests will be close personal friends of the Royal Family on holiday with them at the Castle.

The Royal Family and the Princess want to attract as little attention as possible to her birthday, since it will inevitably renew publicity about Group-Captain Peter Townsend.

The Princess wants the whole discussion of her friendship with Peter Townsend to die down.

She never goes out alone with a young man, but only in parties of four or six people. She has few girl friends, but these friends may telephone her first, then visit the Palace.

The Princess will receive them alone. But if any of her young men friends call, there is a chaperon.

Meantime in Brussels crowds stand outside the British Embassy hoping to catch a glimpse of Peter Townsend. And interest in him isn't diminishing.

On Margaret's birthday good wishes will pour into the tiny post office at Balmoral, and speculation as to who will put the ring on the Princess' finger will start again.

The gold for her ring is ready.

When Princess Elizabeth was to be married, the Welsh gold-mines sent a large nugget. Princess Elizabeth immediately said, "We'll save half for Margaret."

CORONATION SOUVENIR OFFER

The special Australian Women's Weekly Coronation souvenir offer of two Royal portraits is still available in limited quantities.

THE pictures, which were reproduced in miniature in our August 5 issue, are in full color on beautiful art paper suitable for framing.

The official Cecil Beaton portrait of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in full Coronation robes carrying the Orb and Sceptre is set against the background of Westminster Abbey.

The portrait of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh was taken immediately after the Coronation and shows the Royal couple waving to the crowds from the balcony at Buckingham Palace.

Readers who wish to obtain copies of these pictures should write to The Australian Women's Weekly head office in Sydney, enclosing the completed form printed below and postal notes or a cheque for 5/- for each print required.

Pictures will be sent post free, enclosed in a cardboard cylinder for safe despatch.

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ADDRESS .....

If undelivered, return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly Coronation Offer

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"No colds for you this winter"

two-fold nourishment builds resistance!

Some children are always catching colds. They lack the vital elements that provide a shield against infection. These elements are provided in ample amounts in Scott's Emulsion.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE

Keep your family—your *whole* family—young and old, free from coughs and colds this winter with Scott's Emulsion. This world-famous food tonic contains pure cod liver oil, *natural* vitamins A and D, and tonic hypophosphites. Scott's Emulsion is pleasant to taste, easy to digest. Get a bottle to-day.

Scott's Emulsion

NATURE'S OWN FOOD TONIC

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NEW HOMES IN A NEW COUNTRY

FROM THAILAND. Mrs. Konthi Suphamongkhon, wife of the Minister for Thailand (left), and her sister-in-law, Miss Kirana Suphamongkhon, at their home in Canberra. Two elephant tusks, brought from Thailand, decorate the wall of the living-room.

WIFE OF AUSTRIAN CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, Mrs. Otto Eiselsberg, at the piano in the den at their home in Canberra. It is Mrs. Eiselsberg's first experience of diplomatic life. She was married just before leaving for Australia less than a year ago.

FROM THE NETHERLANDS. Mrs. A. M. L. Winkelman, wife of the Ambassador for the Netherlands, pours tea in her home at Mugga Way, Canberra. Mr. and Mrs. Winkelman's last two diplomatic posts have been in India and Malaya. They have seven children, none of whom is with them.

● Flags of many countries flying from legations and embassies in Canberra emphasise the growth of its diplomatic corps and Australia's bigger role in international affairs.

ON these pages are interiors of some of the homes of diplomatic representatives who have recently arrived in Canberra.

Wives and families have had a busy time settling into new homes and becoming accustomed to new ways of living. As well they have had to get to know Canberra, surely one of the world's most unusual capitals because of its isolation.

The Netherlands flag flies over the house in Mugga Way occupied by the Dutch Ambassador, Mr. A. M. L. Winkelman, and Mrs. Winkelman.

Mrs. Suphamongkhon, wife of the Minister for Thailand, Mrs. Eiselberg, wife of the Austrian Charge d'Affaires, and Mrs. Nishi, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, have all moved into homes purchased since their arrival.

Mrs. Suel, whose husband is first secretary of the French Embassy, acts as official hostess for the French Ambassador, M. Roche. M. Roche's wife is expected to join him in Australia later in the year. The Suels have a new home at Deakin.

The new Ambassador for the United States of America, Mr. Amos Peaslee, his wife, and daughter Dorothy are making their home at the American Legation, still one of the most imposing homes in Canberra.

The residence, built on American Colonial design in Deakin, stands on a slight incline surrounded by lawns of Kentucky grass. It was completed late in 1944.

Another diplomat new to Australia is the High Commissioner for India, General K. M. Kariappa, whose niece, Miss Sarale Changappa, will be his hostess. With General Kariappa is his small daughter, Nalini, aged ten.

Other recent arrivals in diplomatic circles are the new High Commissioner for Pakistan, Mr. Habibur Rahman, the Begum Rahman, their son Nadim, and daughters Naima and Shamima.

They will visit Canberra, but will live in the residence occupied by the former High Commissioner, Mr. Yusuf Haroon, and the Begum Haroon, at the Sydney suburb of Woollahra.

Plans are being made for a Pakistan official residence at Canberra, but they are not yet completed.

The new Indonesian Ambassador, Dr. Tamzil, arrived last month and took up duty in Canberra within a few days of landing in Sydney. His wife and two children are with him.

Pictures on these pages were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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ABOVE: Ceremonial tea is served by the wife of the Japanese Ambassador, Mrs. Haruhiki Nishi, and her daughter Miyo at their home in Griffith, Canberra, which was purchased after their arrival.

BELOW: Charming wife of the First Secretary of the French Embassy, Mrs. J. Suel, photographed with her two daughters, Catherine and Caroline, at their home in Deakin, a Canberra suburb.

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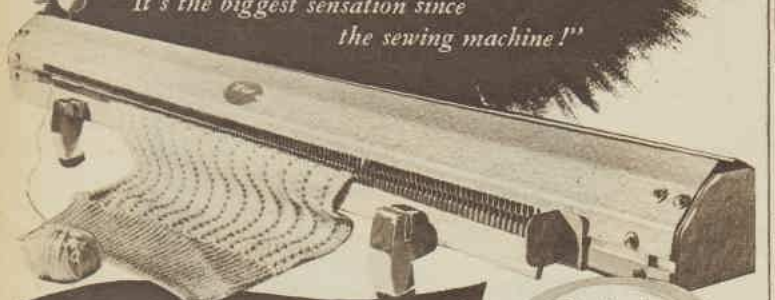
THE AMAZING NEW

Zip HOME KNITTING MACHINE

"It's the biggest sensation since the sewing machine!"



UP TO 20 TIMES FASTER THAN HAND KNITTING

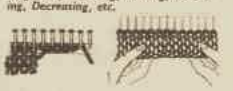
Priced easily within everybody's budget—at only **14 GNS.** Slightly higher in Q'land & W.A.

EVERYONE'S "switching to Zip-ing"! Over 15,000 Australian women have started knitting this new, exciting Zip-way in the last few months. Its popularity has spread to New Zealand—to U.S.A.! All because the Zip Home Knitting Machine is the only tried, tested and proved Home Knitting Machine priced within the reach of EVERYBODY'S pocket! Get YOURS now! It takes only a few minutes to learn this new, absorbing knitting method—and it will save you many, many hours on every knitted garment you make.

Learn to Zip-Knit in 30 Minutes!

This complete, profusely illustrated Instruction Book, which is supplied free with your ZIP Machine, enables you as a beginner to learn the simple principles and commence ZIP machine knitting within 30 minutes. The fascinating, easy-to-follow instructions, supported by a series of clear, step-by-step diagrams (as shown below) take you through every operation, after which speed is only a matter of two or three hours practice.

Examples of simple Zip instruction diagrams for Casting, Knitting, Increasing, Decreasing, etc.



With Zip you can knit any garment, in almost any pattern or combination of colours, in a fraction of the time hand knitting takes. Any kind of jumper in 4 to 8 hours! Scarves, socks, babies' garments in 2 to 4 hours. There is no limit to the wonderful array of cosy knitwear articles you can make with Zip.

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ZIP for pleasure, ZIP for profit. Or both! Apart from your own needs, ZIP is a pleasurable, practical means of making money in spare hours at home. You can knit for friends, knit for shops, knit gifts for Christmas, knit for fetes and charities. There are scores of ways ZIP can become a real money earner.

9 Exclusive Patterns

Zip Pattern Book No. 1 includes nine exclusive ZIP Patterns complete with special knitting instructions for ZIP knitters. ON SALE NOW. Price 2/-.

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- *A perfect gift for mother!*
- *Grand for anniversaries!*
- *Makes a "Happy Birthday" happier!*
- *Brings new pleasure to invalids and hospital wards!*

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MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED

MOTHER

"Look happy—or ELSE!"

BUTCH

"He's supposed to call th' Police Department an' report th' burglary, isn't he, Slug?"

It seems to me

By

AUSTRALIAN railways appear to be shaking themselves out of their old lethargy and trying to deal with the threat of air competition.

An advertising campaign is in full blast in New South Wales. It quotes, among other things, the interstate rail fares which show that, if time is no object, train travellers can save money.

Another aspect of train travel they should try to sell is the joy of sleeping-cars.

They aren't everybody's idea of a good night's rest, but I am devoted to sleeping-cars, a pleasure that increased when I learned to book upper berths.

If you are any sort of a climber, I recommend the upper berth. Otherwise, what happens? You book a lower berth, enter the compartment, and immediately receive appraising glances from the group seeing off (a) mother and baby or (b) elderly lady.

Their voices drop to whispers. This inevitably puts you off concentrating on your own friends. You know that the others are saying, "Go on, Mum, you ask her . . . well, she looks active enough to me."

If the approach were made straightway, it wouldn't be so bad, but sometimes the subject hangs unbroached in the air for a couple of hours.

Why not, you may ask, offer immediately to swap? You may be wrong. The other occupant may take the suggestion as a slur on her agility or her grey hairs.

Better to learn to like upper berths and be done with it.

* * *

A FATHER I know searched the lolly shops the other day for "jelly babies," a confection which he remembered fondly from his youth.

They were dual-purpose sweets which served as passengers for toy trains and cars until hunger triumphed over imagination.

He couldn't find any jelly babies. All he could get were jelly jet-planes and jelly armored tanks.

He reports sadly that his offspring were delighted.

* * *

IT is interesting to note that one member of the Queensland Parliament called the Speaker a "megacephalic monstrosity" last week.

A year or so ago, the Speaker of the Federal House, Mr. Cameron, compiled a list of names which members must not call one another. It was quite a long list containing all the common ones like "Liar," "Nitwit," and "Silly Old Geyser."

"Megacephalic monstrosity" is a splendid one to add to the collection, which, if Mr. Cameron and other Speakers keep bringing it up to date, should in time provide a valuable work for students of Parliamentary Australiana.

THE Australian Golf Club in Sydney is conducting a campaign to combat the "decline of proper dress" on the course.

The dress habits they aim at eliminating include shirts worn outside trousers, Hawaiian or similar shirts, shorts unless worn with three-quarter-length socks, gaudy or exaggerated headgear.

As it applies to golf courses, this dress reform may be very commendable. I wouldn't know. But the wearing of shirts outside trousers, when they are neat, clean shirts designed for the purpose, seems to me to be one of the most sensible steps ever made towards summer dressing for men in this country.

For years there has been an annual howl about the unsuitable dressing of Australian men for the summer. Many solutions offered in the past have meant big laundry bills or overworked wives.

The outside shirt, especially in a plain color, looks well and is no harder to iron than an inside shirt.

Besides, as nylon and the other new materials become commoner, they'll all soon be trained to wash their own.

* * *

DISCUSSING Dior's knee-line, a Danish student of the history of women's fashions said that long dresses were worn in depressions and that short skirts were "expressions of optimism."

"Well," said a rather sour, middle-aged man when told this, "optimism is near enough, but self-delusion is more accurate, judging by some of the legs I remember in the 'twenties."

* * *

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER recently invited leaders of both major parties in Congress to breakfast at the White House to discuss the debt limit of the United States. The President wanted to increase the limit by a billion dollars.

For those whose chat at breakfast time is commonly confined
To gloomy little mutters and to short, frustrated squawks,
It seems that if one wanted to one couldn't call to mind
A time that's less felicitous for presidential talks.

It's bad enough domestically when someone talks of bills,
And husbands answer sharply, "Will you KINDLY pass the jam?"
And, "Have these kids no manners?" Why, the thought with horror fills,
At conferring on such topics as the debts of Uncle Sam.

There may be one who's cheerful, who strikes a buoyant note,
Some hearty early riser, talking billions with his host,
Who is dampened when another, with a look to cut his throat,
Shudders, "MUST you make that noise when eating toast?"

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MOUNTAINEERS Sir Edmund Hillary and Mr. George Lowe (right) are congratulated by fellow New Zealanders Mrs. J. Malcolm and her children, Anthony (12) and Raylee (16), at the Pickwick Club reception in Sydney.

Craggy Sir Edmund on the level

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest, took 72 hours of Sydney's high-powered welcomes in a long-legged stride. As might be expected of a 20th-century history-maker, he was only slightly breathless when he took off for similar treatment in New Zealand.

KEEPING pace with Sir Edmund was Mr. George Lowe, the other New Zealand member of the 1953 British Himalayan expedition.

And I, for The Australian Women's Weekly, trailed behind the mountaineers for three days, meeting them at the airport, at receptions, in hotel vestibules, and at restaurants.

Though the trail was tiring, I enjoyed it.

Hillary is a tall man whose clothes hang loosely upon him. He has a habit of lowering his head, of looking at a questioner from under the eyebrows. It is as though he were trying to make himself appear smaller than his height, which is somewhere round the six-foot-four mark.

At functions, when speakers referred to him truthfully as an "immortal," Sir Edmund concealed embarrassment by linking his hands closely together, by bending his head, and by swinging his right foot in a rather agitated manner.

Fair-haired George Lowe, a schoolteacher, seemed more at ease. He gave an appearance of good grooming, while Sir Edmund looked as though he would prefer to be wearing old slacks and a sports coat.

One morning I saw beekeeper Sir Edmund among beehives owned by Sydney apiarist Miss Elizabeth Mocatta. For photographic purposes he wore a bright red sweater and old slacks.

"Normally," he told me, "when among bees I wouldn't be wearing a sweater like this. Bees are too apt to get stuck in the wool, and, besides, they don't like the color red."

With the deftness of an old hand, he lifted a half-depth frame from the hive, pacified the bees by puffing smoke around the entrance, and peered closely at them through a face-concealing black veil.

Later, with connoisseur's attention, he licked alternate spoonfuls of honey from jars presented to him by Mr. Walter Seabrook on behalf of the Commercial Apiarists' Association of New South Wales.

He told apiarists, including the Association's past president, Mr. Guy Moore (who presented him with an historic book entitled "The New Zealand Australian Bee Journal, 1883/4/5) that he had eaten

TWO KNIGHTS meet at Government House, Sydney. The Governor of New South Wales, Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott, congratulates Sir Edmund Hillary.

READERS' OPINION POLL

LAST week we invited readers to write and tell us what they like most and like least about this paper.

We invite this friendly co-operation from our readers because, in our twenty years of spectacular growth, we have always retained a close association with them.

We want the poll of readers' opinion to be as representative as possible.

Criticise or praise any section you like, and if you have a suggestion for some new section tell us what it is.

Or you could tell us what feature you always turn to first, and why. Another idea would be to list the contents of this issue in your order of preference, with appropriate remarks.

Individual letters and letters giving the views of the whole family will be equally welcome.

We will publish extracts from the most interesting and constructive suggestions, and will carefully dissect and weigh the opinions expressed in all letters.

Your letter to us can be as long or as short as you like to make it. Address it to "Readers' Opinion," Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Everest conqueror has "no preference" in girls

Swiss honey on the final camp on Everest's side.

Lunching on the first day in Sydney, Sir Edmund and George Lowe were overtired to to the point of losing their appetites. They toyed with toheroa soup, merely nibbled filet mignon, but finished up large helpings of strawberries and ice-cream.

On hearing that Sir Edmund enjoyed ice-cream, Mr Moore suggested naming an ice-cream dish after him as the Peach Melba was named for Dame Nellie Melba.

"I've a dessert in mind which might suit," said Mr. Moore. "You take a slice of fresh pineapple, remove the core, and fill the centre space with ice-cream. Then you pour some thick honey on to the ice-cream. It's the best thing I've ever tasted."

In Sir Edmund's hotel room, standing on a wooden rack, was a canvas rucksack balanced on a light U-shaped frame and criss-crossed at the back with webbing bands.

This somewhat battered-looking pack went with him 20,000 feet up the mountain.

Whenever speaking of Everest, Sir Edmund prefaced remarks with "George Lowe and I did this," or "George and I did that."

For Mr. Lowe reached the highest camp, and cut ice steps for Hillary to use. He was also the first to greet Sir Edmund on his return from the peak.

During the expedition Sir Edmund kept a diary and will soon be writing a book dealing with the climb.

He said that he did not really feel cold on Everest, as, besides woollen sweaters, he wore a jumper padded with two-inch layers of down.

Packed into his suitcases in Sydney were photographs taken on the summit, but the ice-axe and umbrella which accompanied him from New Zealand to India are returning by a following plane.

Both Sir Edmund and Mr. Lowe have a New Zealand accent, which is rather more English than Australian.

They learnt to take publicity and the congratulatory smiles of onlookers with cheerful acceptance. Over and over again, Sir Edmund scrawled "E. P. Hillary" for admiring youngsters and shook hands with strangers.

Being famous, there could be nothing private in lunches with personal friends such as Mr. Jim Espie or Miss Louise Rose, daughter of the president of the New Zealand Alpine Club.

Hopeful journalists hinted at a romance between quiet-spoken Miss Rose, now a student of the viola at the Sydney Conservatorium, and Sir Edmund.

They got no change from Sir Edmund, who, when I asked him what type of girl he liked, said, laughing, that he had "no preference."

In Sydney Sir Edmund was joined briefly by his brother Rex, whose instantaneous smile rivals the mountaineer's, though he lacks Sir Edmund's craggy features, long jaw, and unruly hair.

Mr. Rex Hillary shares his brother's interests of beekeeping and mountaineering.

Sir Edmund Hillary said he had heard a lot about Australia's snowfields and would like to ski there one day. He claims to be no expert skier, but has enjoyed the sport since he was 16.

On film offers, he said, "I've had offers from Indian film companies. But I said no."

With an enormous smile, he added, "I decided I wasn't cut out to be a film star."

"THAT'S GOOD HONEY," says Sir Edmund Hillary after tasting a spoonful of yellow-box honey presented to him. Sir Edmund's own bees produce honey from clover.

WELCOMING GROUP at Kingsford Smith Airport: Mr. L. Alderton, High Commissioner for New Zealand (on Sir Edmund's right), and apiarists (from left) Mr. Fred Morgan, Mr. I. C. Dutton, and Mr. Walter Seabrook.

TABLE TALK over lunch amused Sir Edmund and Mr. Lowe. With them are (left) Miss Louise Rose, daughter of the President of the New Zealand Alpine Club, and Mrs. Lisle Alderton, whose husband is the High Commissioner for New Zealand in Australia.

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YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

Dressing for men

Every girl is baffled at some time or other by a man's reaction to fashion.

She may take it for granted that he hasn't a clue about varying styles and that his taste, as evidenced in his own get-ups, is crude. It's the inconsistency that's so puzzling.

- ***They always resist new styles***
- ***They like fashions fitted and feminine***

FOR instance, he exclaims delightedly at the vision splendid of Mary in her matchbox jacket outfit. A week later he is appalled when you get one.

He may even go so far as to indicate, in masculine terms that betray utter fashion ignorance, that his idea of good dressing is a tweed suit of conservative English cut.

He is shocked when you use red nail-polish. His idea of a lady's hands, he says snobbishly, is with buffed finger-nails, or, at the most (the very worst, his tone indicates), shell-pink nail-polish.

Strong-colored nail-polish hides a multitude of nail defects, but this escapes his superior notice. He ignores the fact that all other girls who catch his admiring second glance have red talons.

Someone is fooling someone if you conclude fondly that he okays it on other girls because he doesn't really care about them but won't allow it on you because you're "special."

He might just like throwing his weight about; he might have been jilted by a girl who always wore red polish.

In the extreme, he could be one of the jealous-possessive ones who's terrified that you'll realise your possibilities of good looks and be stolen from him by a more dashing cavalier.

It's foolish to generalise about what fashions men like. They like whatever looks well on you.

It's nonsense to say, for instance, that all men like blue.

It probably rises from the fact that so many blue-eyed girls get wise about their own shade of blue that brings out the color of their eyes and flatters their skin.

They look their best in it, so, of course, their boy-friends always murmur appreciatively when they wear it.

When June asks: "Will I get a blue hat or a red one?" Jack will inevitably reply: "Oh, the blue one. I like blue."

But let June be a brunette in a bleak blue that turns her into a bilious daughter of Fu Manchu, and Jack will have a different song.

It's fairly safe to say that men like short skirts and fitted dresses.

The wolf in every man accounts for this. And who can blame him if he swivels for a second stare at a neat figure in a dress cut to show the curves in the right places, supported by a pair of shapely legs?

This is most irritating when he's yours, especially when you feel compelled to wear your skirts full and long to cover up your imperfections.

It's true that men tend to prefer long hair, although plenty like every new style, both long and short, when it suits you. But most of them sigh sentimentally at the very thought of long hair.

This dream probably dates back to pre-crusade times.

There he sits, thinking of a Melisande letting her golden hair stream out the castle window over the trellis of red roses, with himself as Pelleas disturbing the flight of white doves to climb up and kiss the ends of every rippling strand.

Yours, however, is only just hair—mouse-brown, as straight as sticks. The only thing you can do with it is keep it short, shaped, and/or permed. And be still howls with dismay when you get it cut.

The great big goof.

Men also like curves. Fat Bessie usually has a better chance of pleasing than Bony Bertha has.

You might be unhappy about carrying a half-stone too much and get depressed every time you learn a film star's measurements or go to a fashion parade.

But except for the few with exotic tastes or those who'd give a year's pay for one date with a mannequin, men think that the girls with rangy, slim figures and taut, cheekboned faces are "bags of bones."

In the realm of hats, every man is a law unto himself. They agree only on disliking feathers and fruit trims.

When they stop to think about veils they're a bit puzzled and curious about the mechanics. "Does everything look like barbed wire to you?" they ask. "Can you see through one of those things?" "Hang it all, I can't kiss a girl through a veil!" they think. But they rather like the effect.

They don't like conspicuous or "amusing" hats, for the very good reason that only the exceptional girl can wear one and not look idiotic.

There are, however, men with souls so dead that they recommend snap-brimmed felts in winter, with, in summer, a wide-brimmed affair **to shade your eyes.**

There's one sure bet: If he's keen about you he'll remember the dress, hat, or color, or all three, you were wearing when he first met you or first realised that you were you with a special message for him.

Consciously or otherwise, he'll hanker after seeing you in something like it.

So whom are you going to dress to please?

The best bet is please yourself by wearing what you know suits you.

DISC DIGEST

THE Sydney Symphony Orchestra has the distinction of being the first British orchestra to record in its entirety Massenet's "Scenes Pittoresques." It's a typical French work, graceful and ingratiating, one of a series of romantic suites which the composer wrote between 1871 and 1881. Goossens leads his fine team with verve and style. Maybe on their next recording session they'll have something of greater content. Number is ED1225/6.

* * *

RIGHT on the dot is George Melachrino's "South Pacific" selection on EB568. You'll find all the tunes from this musical are superbly played. Performance and orchestration more than stand comparison with the records by the original New York cast, which incidentally have now been transferred on to one 12-inch LP disc (330SX 1001).

* * *

THE big Continental hit, "April in Portugal," gets some rather boisterous handling by Louis Armstrong on DO70043. Quite a transformation for this tender little song. Although you'll find it hard to pick up some of the words on account of "Satchmo's" vocal grinding, you'll like this one. The tune is the best in a long while. On the flip, "Who Walks In When I Walk Out," Armstrong is joined by the inimitable Ella Fitzgerald.

* * *

FOR country-style fans there's DO70036, "No Help Wanted." You'll hear Red Foley and Ernest Tubb, two lads with a big radio following in the States and I can see why—they're personality kids plus. The reverse side, "You're A Real Good Friend," a fast-paced vaudeville duet, is equally jolly.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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Worth Reporting

AUDIENCES at Sydney's Tivoli Theatre, where Menotti's opera "The Consul" is now being staged by the Australian National Theatre Opera Company, are talking about the cleverly contrived settings for the dream sequences.

The story of the opera, which is set in an unnamed police state, is of Magda Sorel who is trying to obtain a visa from the Consul so that she may join her husband across the frontier.

Most of the action takes place in an office, where the Consul's secretary sits at a desk, and where other applicants for visas are waiting.

When dream sequences occur the office scenery rolls away, the secretary still sitting at her desk. In one instance a concentration camp backdrop appears, with searchlights shining on cast and audience.

In another dream, dealing with John Sorel, bicycle mechanic husband of the heroine, five spinning bicycle wheels, linked together, form the background.

Members of the audience, who see Magda's tragic suicide over a gas oven, find it hard to believe that the metallic-looking stove and meter are made of painted wood. Wood was chosen because it is light and easily handled in quick scene changes.

* * *

A READER from Burwood, N.S.W., reports that she noted with surprise when a bus ahead of her turned to the right that somebody had painted a set of scarlet nails on the fingers of its white metal signalling hand.

"How nasty does your credit department get?"

Life on the ocean wave

DANNY KAYE once acted as interpreter between a Cunard Line nursing sister, now Mrs. Guy Walsh, of Sydney, and a French woman patient.

"Danny speaks seven languages," said Mrs. Walsh. "I speak only English, so he really helped me out."

Six years' service aboard such ships as the "Veteran Fourstacker" (Aquitania), Mauretania, Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary have left with Mrs. Walsh many memories. They include:

- The birth at sea of a baby girl called Mary after the ship the Queen Mary. "She was born under two flags," explained Mrs. Walsh. "The ship was British and her parents American. Until she is 18 she shares both nationalities, can choose the one she prefers on her 18th birthday."
- Children who were continually being lost in the vastness of the ships in which they were travelling being issued with labels bearing their names and cabin numbers.
- Tough bodyguards seated outside the cabin of M. Vishinsky, Russia's former delegate to UNO.

From under Hedda's hat

"MY favorite hat is one covered with lobster claws. When you shake it they wiggle. People look. That's good!" said Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper at a luncheon at London's Dorchester Hotel to celebrate the launching of her book "From Under My Hat."

"From Under My Hat" is now appearing in The Australian Women's Weekly in serial form.

For the luncheon Hedda wore a white hat surmounted with vertical doves' wings, massive earrings, and a grey suit.

The guests included Gene Kelly, John Mills, Margaret Lockwood, Googie Withers, Olivia de Havilland, and Lady Astor.

Miss Hopper, who was introduced as "the most fabulous character from Hollywood," began her speech by thanking her critics, particularly the one who said that her words seared like a flame-thrower.

"They call me a scandal scavenger, but do I look like one?" she demanded with a flourish of her lorgnette.

Later she congratulated Lady Astor on her silence at the luncheon. "I haven't heard one word from her since I arrived," she said. "That's quite a feat."

* * *

A SYDNEY hostess introduced an American novelty to friends who visited her for afternoon tea by offering them small cubes of loaf sugar dotted with icing flowers in pastel colors.

The sugar, sent from the U.S., carried one minute flower and one small leaf on each side. It's an idea which will probably catch on here, though, as one visitor said: "It seems a pity to see the flowers dissolving in a cup of hot tea."

Going at a fast clip

A SHEARING school has been opened in Kerang, Victoria, by N.S.W. shearing champion Mr. Henry Salter, of "Gunawurra," Kerang. Mr. Salter is anxious to lift the standard of sheep shearing in Australia.

He will run three concentrated one-week courses a year.

"There are no text-books on the subject — you just pick it up from one another," he said. "It comes naturally to some, but many people make very hard work of it.

"One hundred and fifty sheep a day is a good average for a shearer," he explained.

"A man is not called a shearer until he has five thousand shorn sheep to his credit."

Mr. Salter, who says his wife stands over him at home with the stop-watch, has won 27 shearing contests in the same number of years.

* * *

WE'VE become used to seeing working housewives doing vegetables in public transport, but we rather admired a young man who sat next to us on a ferry. Producing from a brief-case a cutter and a bag of beans, he topped, tailed, and strung a pound in about 20 minutes.

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Your last chance to consolidate personal or financial affairs comes on August 19. August 23 is unlucky for travel or correspondence.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): A week of ups and downs, with August 22 costing more than it's worth in time and bother. Steer clear of arguments with elders on August 24.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Exciting news in print, on the phone, or through gossip spurs you to action on August 18. Beware of accidents on short journeys on August 23.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): A lucky break on August 19 might mean a bargain, a lift to your finances, or a profitable arrangement. The evening of August 22 may prove disappointing.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Try to conclude any enterprise by August 20 and take time off for a rest over the weekend. Shortly you will develop new interests.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Don't allow others to take charge of your affairs or push you into the background on August 18. Make a firm stand again on August 23.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): If in love, romance may receive a setback on August 22, or social arrangements may go awry. August 24 calls for steady work against obstacles.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Use your head and keep a tight rein on your emotions on August 18. Then August 20 will bring the prize which you have long coveted.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Does everything seem against you on August 19? Don't grow discouraged, but work on towards your goal. You'll see daylight ahead on August 24.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Watch out for colds or minor upsets on August 22. Take no financial risks, either, on that day. August 24 might bring a little windfall.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): August 21 might boost your popularity with the boy or girl friend or the marriage partner, while August 22 might mean an engagement or a present.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): If hunting for a job, for more pay, or for better health, August 19 is tops. It's a day to bring you the start of better conditions all round. Don't worry over August 22—it's not important.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

What's your secret, Mary?

"Everybody's wondering why you've looked so much better lately and saying that you seem to grow younger every day."

"Do you really think so? Perhaps it's because I decided to stop worrying. There's nothing so ageing as worry! Then I sleep well, take reasonable exercise, and have remembered that a woman is as young as she looks."

"Well, if that's all your secret, I suppose it is what we all try to do—or should."

"There is perhaps just one other thing. Between ourselves, I started taking Phyllosan a few months ago and I never miss taking my two tablets three times a day."

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Pink for Youth

● **Here are four models that show how designers are doing some of their brightest spring work in pink—and for youth. Pink in varied shades, delicate or decisive, is used alone or is combined with milk-white.**

JACQUES FATH'S short-skirted party dress (left) made in delicate pink overlaid with white organdie. White flower embroidery trims the bodice top. A pink stole and matching gloves complete ensemble.

FLOATING PARASOLS printed on white make this slim column-like one-piece. The bodice is sleeveless and finished with a turtle neckline. A raspberry-pink belt and matching kerchief are used for accents.

MAGGY ROUFF'S white lace waltz-length evening dress has a moulded camisole top and is sashed in two shades of rose-pink silk taffeta.

FRAPPE-PINK WOOL COAT is designed to swing elegantly over everything. The model is collarless and has deeply cuffed sleeves. Note the unusually shaped handbag, gloves, and cap in a deeper shade of pink.

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Which Twin has the Toni . . .

AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM!
(See answer below)

Hair styles created by a leading coiffeur

NOW! Toni with Permafix!

The new improved neutralizer ..leaves your hair softer ...more natural than ever!

Nola and June Foukes of Sydney are delightful twins and it is Nola, on the left, who has the Toni and June the expensive perm.

Gentle-acting Toni with Permafix—the new wonder neutralizer—actually conditions your hair to silky natural softness while giving you a perm that looks and acts immediately like naturally curly hair. No frizzy stage, no brittle ends, no stubborn kinks.

Toni HOME PERM

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Meet Bert James — cold store foreman. "Spend a lot of time off work with a cold, Bert?" "Not me", says Bert. "Never miss a day! A good hot cup of Bonox keeps out chills."

Delicious Bonox pours concentrated goodness of rich prime beef straight into your bloodstream. Gives you a "lift" and keeps your head above the 'flu line. So drink Bonox at home, at work, at the cafe, hotel or milk bar. And Bonox now costs **much** less! New low prices.

FIRE IN THE WATER

By Peggy Simson Curry

Very good entertainment and realistic setting and character in this excellent story of a fishing village.

15/- From all Booksellers.

Social News: "Winter Splash" dance

ADELAIDE VISITOR Ian Bruce with attractive Gillian Galbraith at the "Winter Splash" dance, held by members of the Palm Beach Surf Lifesaving Club at the A.C.I. Ballroom to raise funds for the club.

PRETTY GIRLS. Adrienne Penn (left) and Diane Chiplin look gaily through some of the palm leaves brought up from Palm Beach by club members for their dance.

UNDER A BEACH UMBRELLA are Mrs. Neville Manning (left), Mrs. Dick Allen, and Mr. Manning. Mrs. Allen's gown combined a black guipure lace top with a full green-and-black shot organza skirt.

GAY COUPLE are Gwennyth Millar and Bill Hamilton. More than two hundred and fifty people attended the dance, an annual event held by the surf club.

DANCING. Mr. and Mrs. John Goodall at the Palm Beach Surf Lifesaving Club's dinner-dance. Mrs. Goodall wore a beautifully draped, slim-skirted gown of bronze satin.

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WED AT ST. MICHAEL'S. Noel Rutledge and his bride, formerly Sandra Shepherd, of Elizabeth Bay, leave for the reception at Glen Ascham after their wedding.

DUNTROON SUPPORTERS. Sue Wesley and Army cadets Pat Davenport (left) and Pete Tedder barrack enthusiastically at the Duntroon versus G.P.S. match, which was held at the Showground.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

HOMEWARD-BOUND in the Orcades are Captain and Mrs. Freddie Cook, who have been living in America, where Captain Cook has just completed a two-year term as naval attache at the Australian Embassy at Washington.

With their school-age children, Venita and David, they will now make their home in their Macleay Street penthouse.

Captain Cook's brother, Commander Bill Cook, is also returning to Sydney at the end of this month. He will follow his attractive wife, Pam, and their small children, Rhoderic and Angela, who will come ahead by air to open up their Double Bay home next Thursday, August 20.

New post for Commander Cook will be Naval Member on loan to Lieut.-General Berryman, Director of the Royal Tour. Commander Cook has just spent two years as Naval Member on the Joint Planning Committee in Melbourne, and before that was 15 months at Flinders Naval Depot.

AFTER their marriage at St. Stephen's, Penrith, this Saturday, August 15, Judith Barrow and Neville Matthews, their attendants, and the wedding guests will have about an hour's drive to the reception, which will be held at Amory, Ashfield. Judith, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. M. Barrow, of Penrith, has chosen an all-white wedding, but a touch of color will be in the peach blossom bouquets carried by her sister, Diana, who is the bridesmaid, and matron of honor Mrs. D'Arcy Fitzgerald.

• • •

AUDRIE MORROW and Peter Nickoll have chosen September 2 for their wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Audrie is the daughter of the Reg Morrows, of "Runneymede," Cassilis.

ARTIST Bill Constable and his wife were among the first-night audience of "The Consul," presented by the National Theatre Opera Company at the Tivoli.

AMONG the many "good luck" cables received by Shirley Smith, star of "For Better, For Worse," which is showing at the Theatre Royal, was one from famous actress Sybil Thorndike. Miss Thorndike is the mother of the play's producer, John Casson. Other cables came from Shirley's sister Barbara, who is in England (her stage name is Barbara St. Leger), and from friends of Shirley's in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Starr, whom she knew in China.

AMONG passengers on the Orcades when the ship arrives in Sydney on November 27 will be Commander and Mrs. Morgan Morgan-Giles with their children, Penelope, Philip, and Melita. Mrs. Morgan-Giles was formerly Pamela Bushell, daughter of the Philip Bushells, of Carthona, Darling Point.

Pamela's sister and brother-in-law, Amber and Anthony Oxley, who are travelling abroad, had a recent reunion with Commander and Mrs. Morgan-Giles when they visited England a few weeks ago. The Oxleys are at present visiting Madrid, Spain, and Mrs. Bushell tells me that they're enjoying their holiday so much they have postponed their return home for some months.

So the Oxleys' children, Anthony, jun., and Ambercita (which means "Little Amber") will welcome their parents home about the same time as the Morgan-Giles' arrive from England.

• • •

AUGUST 22 will be an important date for Mrs. G. McAlister, of Manly, and formerly of "Pine Ridge," Leadville, when she will see her daughter June for the first time in two years. June, who is a woolclasser, has been touring England and the Continent.

Anne

AT PRINCE'S. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harriman dance at the Sydney Stock Exchange Ball. Mrs. Harriman wore a scarlet-and-white embroidered eyelet organdie frock.

COCKTAIL PARTY. Jill Campbell (left), Lieut. Des Barnes, Margaret Hough, and Lieut. Roy Pugh at the Duntroon Old Boys' reunion, held at Victoria Barracks.

TIMEKEEPER Mrs. Max Roberts with Geoff Mitchell, who judged the best polo pony for the Capper Cup, at the polocrosse matches at Warwick Farm.

INTERNATIONAL BALL. Consuelo Zalapa, as France (left), and Con Diamond, as Greece, with Sally Tatchell, who represented the spirit of the United Nations at the ball.

RECENTLY ENGAGED Moira Fanning, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. E. Fanning, of Melbourne, and David Wischer, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wischer, of Edgecliff.

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THIS PICTURE and the one above right show the same room in different dress. Here, slip covers in a green-and-blue leaf-and-flower pattern make it look fresh for summer.

WARM TONES and textures make this winter decor. Compare it with the same room (left).

Special Feature

Slip Cover Ideas

SLIP covers are a simple decorating device with which to re-do your home, providing a new look for summer, protecting new furniture, and giving a new lease of life to the old.

Today's slip covers must be as practical as they are attractive. They must protect expensive upholstery fabrics, especially from summer dust. They must slip off easily so that keeping them clean is no problem. If they can be washed as well as dry-cleaned and slipped back on to couches and chairs with little or no ironing, they are ideal.

Ideas on these and following pages give ways to use slip covers to brighten a room or a single piece of furniture; to match or contrast with other fabrics; and how they can themselves be decorated. They have been made available exclusively to us by Good Housekeeping.

ANOTHER ROOM (above and right) with two distinct decors for summer and winter. Here, the slip covers are in bright yellow, with venetians replacing the draperies.

IN WINTER, the room has rather formal treatment. Compare it with the picture at left.

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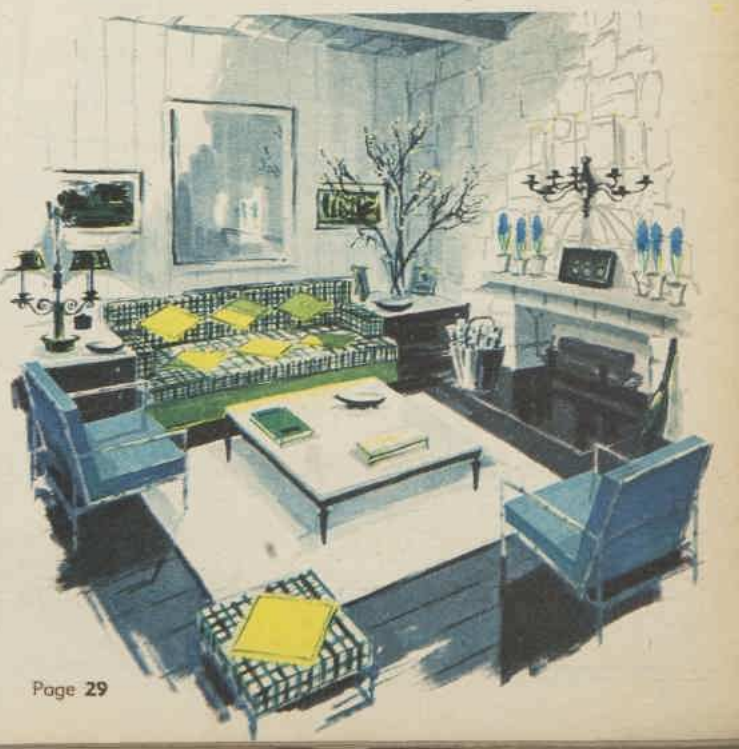
IDENTICAL SLIP COVERS (above) enable two beds to serve as smart daytime furniture. The covers slip off easily for night use. Instructions for making are given below.

ANYONE who can sew competently will know ways to copy the twin covers on the beds shown above. For the beginner, the easiest way is one that requires no cutting, but many "fittings." For this, each mattress cover requires 2¼yds. of a strong, almost tapestry-textured 50in. material and a strip of unbleached calico almost the length and width of the bed for the underside.

Put the material over the mattress and tuck it in all round. Along the top edge, under the material, pin in piping cord (¼in. cord for heavy quality material), fitting the material to the shape as you go and making sure the cord is straight. Curve the corners and take up excess material with tiny pleats. These pleats look best when left unstitched. Turn over and tack the calico to the underside. Machine only halfway round and press-stud the other half for easy removal.

Give the mattress another fitting, and when you're sure you have it tailored, allowing a little everywhere for stitching, take it off and machine it. If you have no piping foot on your machine, it can be done by hand.

A 36in. cotton or linen dress material would make the ruffle, which is joined to a flat piece of unbleached calico the length and width of the bed under the mattress. For an adequate ruffle, allow 1½ times the length.



INDIVIDUAL IDEA (right) is an applique of diamond-shaped plain material on a background of checked fabric. This device could be used to renew faded covers.

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We turned our "wasted" side verandah into a gay bedroom for our daughter for only £67·10·0!

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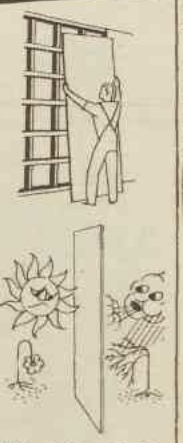
DOOR	5 10 0



"Just one look at those neat sheets of Cane-ite and we knew that we were going to save money. There they were in 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet lengths and 3 and 4 feet widths. That meant they would fit any wall space with next-to-no carpentry. Fred had a carpenter at the week-end when it came time to put in the door and ready-made window — because Fred's no carpenter. But he did a wonderful job because Cane-ite walls and ceilings are so easy to put up. So was the Fibrock on the outside wall. Young Janie and I did the painting."

Remember, Cane-ite insulates, too! Keeps out Summer heat and Winter cold. You can paint Cane-ite in any finish. It's white-ant proofed.

You can have your choice of three finishes: (1) Natural suede-like finish. (2) Ivory finish. (3) Primed Cane-ite which requires no base coat — actual final color of paint can go straight on.

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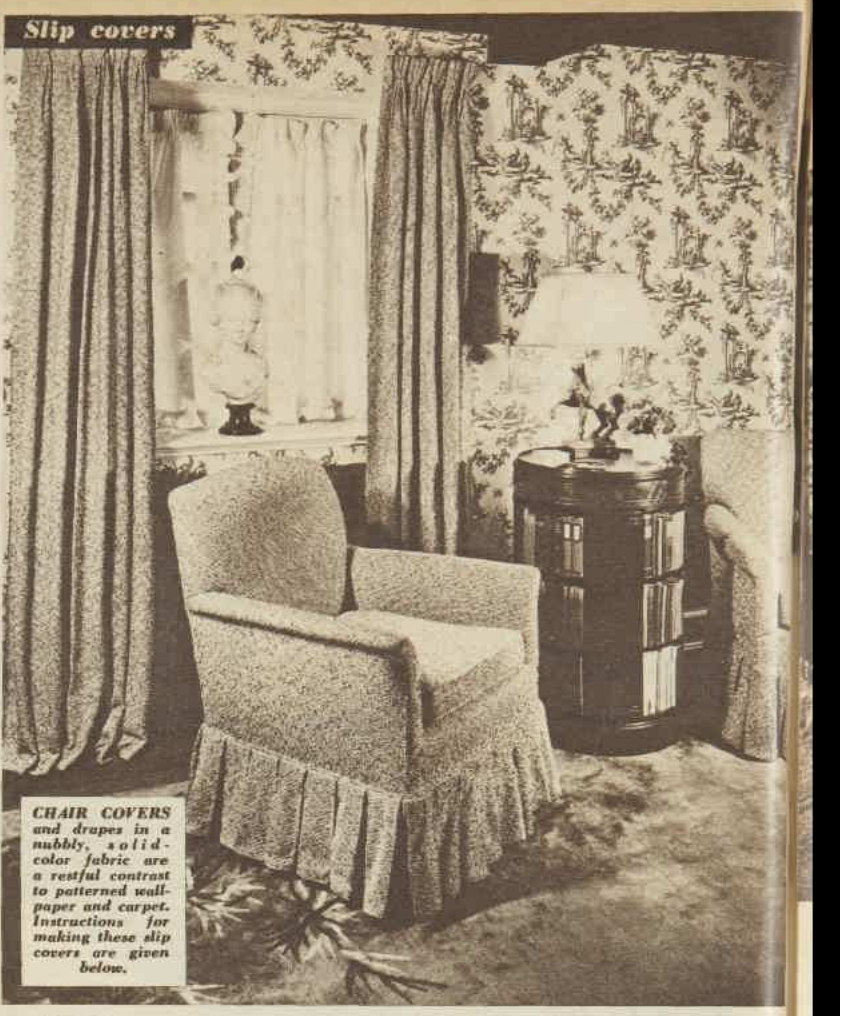
Slip covers



CHAIR COVERS and drapes in a nubbly, solid-color fabric are a restful contrast to patterned wallpaper and carpet. Instructions for making these slip covers are given below.

To cover a chair

It is not difficult to make a slip cover for a chair, but it is a job that takes care and patience.

HERE are instructions for making a cover similar to those on the chairs illustrated above:

Measure each chair carefully to find how much material you need.

Alternatively, fill in the measurements according to the diagrams below and take them to a salesman for correct assessment.

Decide before buying whether you want a pleated, gathered, or plain "skirt."

If you have never cut a slip cover before, try cutting a few patterns from newspaper to gain confidence. But when actually tackling the job, it is better to cut the slip cover direct from the material fitted over the chair rather than from a pattern.

Any type of upholstered chair can be successfully covered if the cutter treats each part as a separate unit: (1) back, (2) seat, (3) arms, (4) scrolls, and (5) skirt.

Start with the fabric at the top of the chair and cut the front first, remembering to place the fabric right side down on the chair so that the pinned seams are all ready for stitching.

Allow a 9in. tuck-in at the bottom of the back and at the back and sides of the seat.

Pin the material to the upholstery seams or chair binding. Push the pins partway in, to act as cutting guides. Leave ample allowance for seams. Mould the material to the chair.

For the arms, first pin the material along E (see diagrams below), bringing the fabric over the rounded arm and down to the seat level at F. Allow 9in. for tuck-in and cut off.

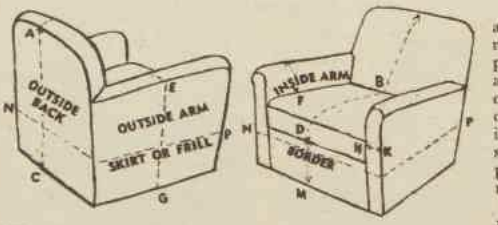
Leave each piece in place on the upholstery and pin it in raw-standing seams to the neighboring piece as it is cut. Cut the entire slip cover this way, with the exception of the skirt or flounce.

The skirt, whether pleated, gathered, or straight, is made separately and completely finished with bottom hem (and pleats or gathers) before it is attached to the cover itself.

Leave an opening in the back side-seam of the slip cover for a zipper or hooks and eyes; this also applies to the cushion cover, which is made separately.

Decorative touches may be added at the main seams. The most popular is the welted or piped seam. This is made with a round, soft, white cord covered by a bias strip of the cover material (or a contrasting color), 1½in. wide, and sewn close to the cord with a piping or welting foot on the machine.

This welt is easy to insert into the pinned slip cover, after you take it from the chair. The cord part should show neatly on the right side and the raw edges on the wrong side.



MEASURE each chair according to the diagrams above, fill in, and take to a salesman for correct assessing of material required. Measure: (1) outside back, A to C; (2) outside arms, E to G; (3) skirt or frill, N to P; (4) border frill, D to M; (5) inside back, A to B; (6) inside arms, E to F; (7) seat, B to D; (8) facing, H to K.

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Slip covers

Fabric mix-matches

FABRIC COMBINATION gives distinction to this bedroom. The color of the dark fabric used to cover the beds and bedheads is co-ordinated with the pretty print used for the ruffles, bolsters, and drapes. Both fabrics suit the simple, light-colored furniture.

"PICTURE" FABRIC which covers the armchair and a pair of square cushions for the settee is repeated in unusual panels on the screen. The striking pattern of the print combines well with the accessories and the plain solid color of the walls, couch, and rug.

Kirsch all-metal Venetian Blinds —in ivory or lovely pastel shades—bring cheerful comfort to your windows. They help to make your kitchen lighter, brighter, more pleasant. The exclusive "S"-shaped slat diffuses incoming light; your kitchen gains the effect of indirect illumination.

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Why let old fashioned door hinges keep your new home small?

There is no waste space when you put sliding doors on Bangor Track

This kitchen door slides neatly back beside the sink—is completely out of the housewife's way when she is working. The track shown is Bangor No. 205. No. 200 is even neater.

IF YOU ARE BUILDING or planning to build you know how steep costs threaten to make your home smaller than you want.

Yet every old fashioned door that swings on hinges eats up 9 sq. feet of your living space.

Look at the home you live in now — estimate how much space you would save if *all* your doors slid back along the walls. Think how much better you could group your furniture. *Plan* those advantages for your new home.

BANGOR CREATES SPACE INEXPENSIVELY

The cost of Bangor throughout your home is amazingly low. The track requires no special doors—the fitting is simple, and working parts are easily concealed under a pelmet. Doors can slide behind cupboards, beside furniture, or simply along the face of the wall. Even heavy doors slide easily . . . smoothly . . . are unaffected by winds.

NO FLOOR TRACK

Doors are carried on a neat overhead fitting.

There is *nothing* on the floor to catch dust or interfere with carpets. Bangor slides smoothly, *stays* as far or as little open as needed.

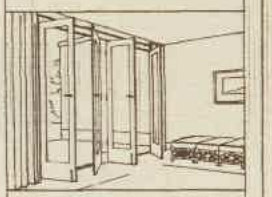
OUTSIDE OR INSIDE DOOR

One Bangor exterior installation at Whale Beach, Sydney, exposed to wind and Pacific gales, remains weatherproof through all storms that beat on it, while even well-weathered hinged doors and windows in nearby houses leak badly.

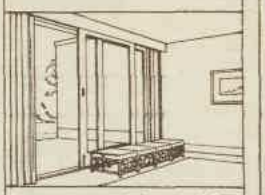
TROUBLE FREE

Once installed, sliding doors on Bangor track give years of trouble-free service.

HOW SLIDING DOORS SAVE SPACE



This diagram shows the 18 ft. window space above fitted with ordinary French doors. See how much space (shaded) is wasted.



Same room with Doors sliding on Bangor track. See how a settee can be placed beside the window.

ANY STYLE OF DOOR CAN SLIDE

Bangor Track can carry any type of door—from a simple 2′ 8″ flush-panelled wooden door to an enormous steel framed sheet of glass that allows indoor — outdoor living . . .

There is a Bangor Garage Door Track, too.

Ask your Architect how Bangor can save space and add beauty in your new home.

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Please send me the brochure which tells me all about Bangor Sliding Door Track and its installation.

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ADDRESS .....

B3-WW-1

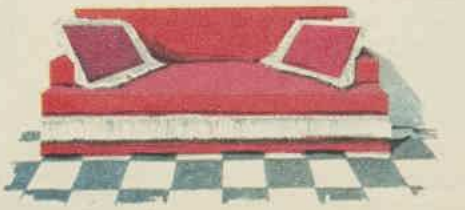
Slip covers

Decorative Details . . .

***TRAPUNTO,** or Italian quilting (above), in a classic pattern decorates these hall chair covers. See instructions on opposite page.*

***COMBINED** applique and smocking (above) achieve a pretty effect. The applique could be cut from any floral material. See smocking instructions on the opposite page.*

***LITTLE** butterflies (left) embroidered on plain fabric look charming and novel. See instructions on the opposite page.*



***FRINGE** basted below the couch cushion and used as edging is a simple way to dress up a plain settee.*

***A HALF SLIP COVER** across the top of a couch looks very new though it serves an antimacassar purpose.*

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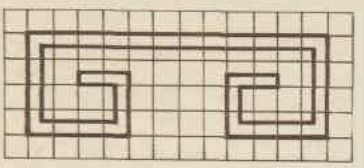
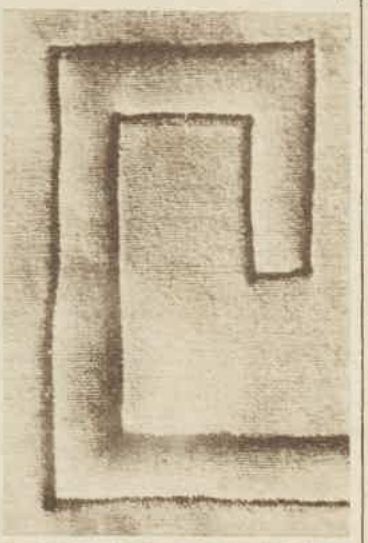
...and instructions

HERE are instructions, with enlarged illustrations, for embroidering the stitches used to decorate the first three slip covers shown in color on the opposite page. The stitches can be done only on a sewing machine that has a zigzag lever attachment. Alternatively, machines are available in the showrooms of the bigger sewing machine companies. These companies also have embroideries that can be done on any sewing machine.





TRAPUNTO

(Color illustration opposite)

TO draw the design on paper, rule off the number of squares (see above); make these 1in. squares. Reproduce the lines in squares in corresponding squares on your paper. Transfer design to right side of the slip cover fabric. With right sides of the fabric out, place slip cover fabric, cotton quilt padding, and lining together. To make narrow, close satin-stitch, set zigzag lever at 1 and stitch-length indicator at slightly above 0. Stitch carefully over lines of design. Cut lining and cotton quilt padding away from edges of design so that three thicknesses of material remain only between lines of design. Then use half of design for each bottom corner of slip cover.

Trapunto, or Italian quilting, is outstanding both because of the design itself and because of the attractive textured effect it gives the slip cover fabric.

SMOCKING

(Color illustration opposite)

WORK on wrong side of fabric. Set zigzag lever at 1 and stitch-length indicator at 2. Place pearl cotton on second spool-pin. Then, holding pearl cotton in centre channel of foot, stitch over pearl cotton. (Be sure needle does not stitch through pearl cotton; increase stitch-length to 3 if necessary.) Holding pearl cotton by both ends, gather fabric until shirred to desired fullness. Fasten ends on wrong side. Stitch over shirring in geometric design, using pearl cotton as described above but working from right side of fabric.

Smocking gives a soft look to slip covers and is especially good where a pretty effect is desired.

The applique shown opposite is a rose motif cut from a big-patterned floral fabric. This idea could be used with good effect to co-ordinate with floral curtains.

BUTTERFLY

(Color illustration opposite)

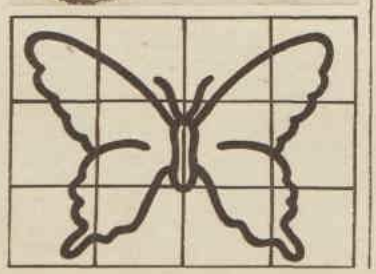
USE butterfly on graph below as pattern. Or if you wish a bigger butterfly, make paper pattern of 1in. squares 3in. by 4in. in area. Reproduce lines in squares, shown at right below, in corresponding squares on your paper. Transfer design to right side of slip cover fabric. To outline butterfly, set zigzag lever at 2 and stitch-length indicator at 0. Stitch over lines of design. If you want to needle-paint butterfly, set zigzag lever at 4 and stitch-length indicator at 0. Fill in areas by moving hoop slowly back and forth.

If you haven't a machine, this butterfly design can be embroidered by hand.

This design looks better on a single casual chair rather than on a set of chairs. It provides a gay and novel touch on a new cover for an old chair.

The color possibilities are unlimited and you will get a marvellous effect if you use it on a solid-color slip cover.

Almost any blending colors look pretty, but a newer idea is to use varying shades of the same color. Shades of pale pink or lavender are lovely for a bedroom.



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At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders

thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read what this man says:
I had been going downhill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and within a week I began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger . . .

Get quick relief from
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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the tried and proven family remedy, exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Blood-stream — rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, those aches and pains that sap your strength.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store.
If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids 7/6 and 4/- everywhere

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Continuing . . . .

The Euphio Question

from page 10

Patrol, with the incredible stamina of the young, was the hero of the day. He fell in his men in two ranks, haranguing them like an old Army sergeant.

While the rest of us lay draped around the room, whimpering about hunger, cold and thirst, the patrol started the furnace again, brought blankets, applied compresses to Fred's head and countless barked shins, blocked off the broken window, and made buckets of cocoa and coffee.

Within two hours of the time that the power and the euphio went off, the house was warm and we had eaten. The serious respiratory cases — the parents who had sat near the broken window for twenty-hour hours—had been pumped full of penicillin and hauled off to the hospital.

The milkman, the telegram boy, and the cop had refused treatment and gone home.

The Beaver Patrol had saluted smartly and left. Outside, repairmen were working on the power line. Only the original group remained—Lew, Fred and Marion, Susan and myself, and Eddie. Fred, it turned out, had some important-looking contusions and abrasions, but no concussion.

Susan had fallen asleep right after eating. Now she stirred. "What happened?"

"Happiness," I told her. "Incomparable, continuous happiness — happiness by the kilowatt."

Lew Harrison, who looked like an anarchist with his red eyes and fierce black beard, had been writing furiously in one corner of the room.

"That's good—happiness by the kilowatt," he said. "Buy your happiness the way you buy light."

"Contract happiness the way you contract influenza," Fred said. He sneezed.

Lew ignored him. "It's a campaign, see? The first ad is for the long-hairs: 'The price of one book, which may be a disappointment, will buy you sixty hours of euphio. Euphio never disappoints.' Then we'd hit the middle class with the next one—"

"In the groin?" Fred said.

"What's the matter with you people?" Lew said. "You act as though the experiment had failed."

"Pneumonia and malnutrition are what we'd hoped for?" Marion said.

"We had a cross section of the community in this room, and we made every last person happy," Lew said. "Not for just an hour, not for just a day, but for two days without a break."

He rose reverently from his chair. "So what we do to keep it from killing the euphio fans is to have the thing turned on and off with clockwork, see? The owner sets it so it'll go on just as he comes home from work, then it'll go off again while he eats supper; then it goes on after supper, off again when it's bedtime; on again after breakfast, off when it's time to go to work, then on again for the wife and kids."

He ran his hands through his hair and rolled his eyes. "And the selling points—oh, gosh, the selling points! No expensive toys for the kids. For the price of a trip to the movies, people can buy thirty hours of euphio. For the price of a fifth of whisky, they can buy sixty hours of euphio!"

"Or a big family bottle of potassium cyanide," Fred said.

A knock on the door interrupted him. A repairman stuck his head in to announce that the power would be on again in about two minutes.

"Look, Lew," Fred said, "this little monster could kill civilisation in less time than it took to burn down Rome. We're not going into the mind-numbing business, and that's that."

"You're kidding!" Lew said, aghast. He turned to Marion. "Don't you want your husband to make a million?"

"Not by operating an electronic opium den," Marion said coldly.

Lew slapped his forehead. "It's what the public wants. This is like Louis Pasteur refusing to pasteurise milk."

"It'll be good to have the electricity again," Marion said, changing the subject. "Lights, hot-water heater, the pump, the—— Oh, heavens!"

The lights came on the instant she said it, but Fred and I were already in mid-air, descending on the grey box. We crashed down on it together. The card table buckled, the plug was jerked from the wall socket. The euphio's tubes glowed red, then died.

Expressionlessly Fred took a screw-driver from his pocket and removed the top of the box.

"Would you enjoy doing battle with progress?" he said, offering me the poker Eddie had dropped.

In a frenzy I stabbed and smashed at the euphio's glass and wire vitals. With my left hand, and with Fred's help, I kept Lew from throwing himself between the poker and the works.

"I thought you were on my side," Lew said.

"If you breathe one word about euphio to anyone," I said, "what I just did to euphio I will gladly do to you."

And there, ladies and gentlemen of the Federal Communications Commission, I thought the matter had ended. It deserved to end there.

Now, through the medium of Lew Harrison's big mouth, word has leaked out. He has petitioned you for permission to start commercial exploitation of euphio. He and his backers have built a radio-telescope of their own.

Let me say again that all of Lew's claims are true. Euphio will do everything he says it will. The happiness it gives is perfect and unflagging in the face of incredible adversity. Near tragedies, such as the first experiment, can no doubt be avoided with clockwork to turn the sets on and off. I see that this set on the table before you is, in fact, equipped with clockwork.

The question is not whether euphio works, but whether we should permit it to invade our community.

This is no time for oblivion to become a national craze. The only benefit we could get from euphio would be if we could somehow lay down a peace-of-mind barrage on our enemies while protecting our own people from it.

In closing, I'd like to point out that Lew Harrison, the would-be czar of euphio, is an unscrupulous person, unworthy of public trust.

It wouldn't surprise me, for instance, if he had set the clockwork on this sample euphio set so that its radiations would addle your judgments when you are trying to make a decision.

In fact, it seems to be whirring suspiciously at this very moment, and I'm so happy I could cry.

I've got the best little kid and the most wonderful bunch of friends and the grandest old wife in the world.

And good old Lew Harrison is the salt of the earth, believe me. I certainly wish him a lot of luck with his new enterprise.

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Deborah Kerr

● ***After six years of well - paid Hollywood mediocrity, film star Deborah Kerr has decided that her jaded career will benefit from a season on Broadway.***

FOR this experiment she has selected a stage play, "Tea of Sympathy," in which to star. The play is scheduled to open in New York shortly.

Conveniently, this decision coincides with the mutual termination of the contract which has bound Deborah Kerr to M.G.M. since 1947.

The history of Deborah Kerr in Hollywood seems to be an example of a co-operative actress playing the beautiful stooge too often for her own good.

The general verdict is that, in placidly giving her studio carte blanche in the matter of film roles, she has not lived up to the artistic promise shown in her early British pictures.

Provided she gets a chance to show her paces, a good stage play now may boost Deborah's declining prestige and lead to worthwhile movie roles in the future.

An early importee from Britain's stage and screen, Deborah came to America with a reputation as a clever comedienne and a competent dramatic actress.

Scottish - born Deborah Kerr graduated to British films from ballet school and repertory appearances.

From the small role of the Salvation Army girl of Shaw's "Major Barbara" in 1940 she rose to stardom in films like "Love on the Dole," "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," and "Black Narcissus."

America gave her a star debut with Clark Gable in "The Hucksters," an overrated movie of 1947, and afterwards she played opposite the cream of Metro's leading men.

For "Edward, My Son," in which she co-starred with Spencer Tracy and which took her back to England in 1948, Deborah won an Academy Award nomination.

Since then making ladylike love to top movie heart-throbs like Walter Pidgeon and Robert Taylor and being teamed with Stewart Granger have proved less rewarding to her than might have been expected.

"Dream Wife" introduces a new-style Deborah Kerr. The role of the girl who chases Cary Grant through a maze of giddy romantic comicalities is tailor-made for her talent.

An outside film, "From Here to Eternity" (Columbia), is her latest movie. Burt Lancaster co-stars.

In reality 32-year-old Deborah Kerr is the opposite of the fragile, helpless young women she usually portrays on the screen. Always lovely to look at, she is also a level-headed, intelligent woman who is wide-awake in her interests and the owner of a keen sense of fun.

She is 5ft. 7in. tall, weighs a slender 8 stone, and has blue-green eyes. Hollywood has changed her natural light brown hair to red-gold.

Married to television producer Anthony Bartley (a former R.A.F. pilot), Deborah is a devoted wife and mother of two daughters — Melanie, aged 6, and two-year-old Francesca Ann.

● **Next week: JANE RUSSELL.**

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *Salome*

THE coupling of Rita with religion in the early Roman spectacle "Salome" will probably entertain Hayworth fans.

The pomp and splendor of the Roman Empire at the beginning of Christianity form a glamorous showcase for her charms.

There is no doubt that, as Salome, Rita looks lovely wearing a staggering succession of revealing, technicolored gowns.

She also dances a torrid strip-tease with carefree abandon, but throughout the film there is never any suggestion that she is a lady of sin.

Don't be misled because of the film's religious background into expecting a thoughtful biblical drama.

What Hollywood has done with the lines that the scriptures allot to the beautiful daughter of Herodias is nobody's business.

This screen Salome is a good girl at heart who respects the teachings of the fiery prophet John the Baptist (played with fervent conviction by newcomer Alan Badel).

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

To save the prophet from the axeman's attentions Salome performs her famous dance of the seven veils.

Rita sways into romantic clinches with Claudius (Stewart Granger), a stalwart Roman aristocrat who is a secret convert to the Christian teachings of John the Baptist.

Eventually she goes off with Claudius to follow the Messiah.

As action develops, the film finds its bad woman in Herodias, Salome's ambitious, depraved mother. Judith Anderson gives a stagy performance in this role.

While Charles Laughton leers outrageously as the neurotic King Herod, distinguished performers like Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Maurice Schwartz, and Basil Sydney bring a serious note into the proceedings.

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Knock On Any Door," crime drama starring John Derek, Humphrey Bogart, Aileen Roberts. Plus ★★ "Undercover Man," drama, starring Glenn Ford, Nina Foch. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanmaire, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Treasure of the Golden Condor," technicolor adventure drama, starring Cornel Wilde, Finlay Currie, Constance Smith. Plus ★ "Destination Gobi," technicolor desert drama, starring Richard Widmark, Murvyn Vye. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★ "Encore," three Somerset Maugham short stories, starring Glynis Johns, Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, Terence Morgan. Plus ★ "Time, Gentlemen, Please," comedy, starring Eddie Byrne.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Now, Voyager," drama, starring Bette Davis, Paul Henreid. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Pier Angeli, Kirk Douglas, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—Abbot and Costello Go to Mars," comedy, starring Bud Abbot, Lou Costello, Mari Blanchard. Plus ★ "Take Me to Town," technicolor period romance, starring Sterling Hayden, Ann Sheridan.

LYRIC.—★★ "The Naked Spur," technicolor Western drama, starring James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan. Plus ★ "Bright Road," comedy-drama, starring Dorothy Dandridge, Philip Hepburn. (Both re-releases.)

PLAZA.—★★ "The Crimson Pirate," technicolor adventure comedy, starring Burt Lancaster, Eva Bartok. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Jumping Jacks," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Mona Freeman. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical, starring Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Miss Julie," Swedish-language drama, starring Anita Bjork, Ulf Palme. Plus ★★★ "Concert of Stars," music and ballet feature.

STATE.—★★ "Salome," technicolor historical drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "The 49th Man," naval drama, starring John Ireland.

VARIETY.—★ "Carmen," Italian-language drama, starring Viviane Romance, Jean Marais, Lucien Coedel. Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—"Ruby Gentry," drama, starring Jennifer Jones, Charlton Heston, Karl Malden. Plus "Heading For Heaven," comedy, starring Stuart Erwin, Glenda Farrell.

PALACE.—"The Farmer Takes a Wife," technicolor musical comedy, starring Betty Grable, Dale Robertson. Plus "Canadian Pacific," cinecolor outdoor drama, starring Randolph Scott, Jane Wyatt.

ST. JAMES.—"Scandal At Scourie," technicolor drama, starring Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Donna Corcoran. Plus "Cry of the Hunted," drama, starring Vittorio Gassman, Barry Sullivan, Polly Bergen.

VICTORY.—"Assignment Paris," drama, starring Dana Andrews, George Sanders. Plus "Sound Off," supercinecolor musical, starring Mickey Rooney, Anne James.

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From Under my Hat

By HEDDA HOPPER

SYNOPSIS: Actress Hedda Hopper makes her home in Hollywood after divorcing her actor-husband DeWolf Hopper in New York.

Caught up in the hurly-burly of early Hollywood, the author's fortunes fluctuate. There she meets America's top theatrical personalities, and mingles with the colony's social leaders.

Producer Samuel Goldwyn brings the first batch of big-name writers to Hollywood. John Barrymore, who shakes the movie colony with his risque stories, makes a hit in "Don Juan."

The wedding of Goldwyn star Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque outshines Hollywood. Young Gary Cooper is spotted by scriptwriter Frances Marion, and becomes a cowboy star. NOW READ ON:

FOR "Children of Divorce," Cooper was outfitted with dinner jacket, morning coat, smart business suits, tennis flannels, yachting clothes. In such duds he felt like a whale in a small aquarium. When on the back of a horse, or tenting with the Chinese cook, Cooper was all right; but when told to act natural in a Park Avenue drawing-room, he felt like a maverick.

I know. I presided over the drawing-room.

In his first scene Cooper had to come in on a noisy cocktail party where everybody was drinking and cavorting. Having made his pile in the West, this character came East to spend it and have fun. He was got up in a cutaway, a garment such as he'd seen but never worn in his life, and directed to take a sip of champagne from one girl's glass, chuck another pretty miss under the chin, borrow a drag from her cigarette, kiss another flapper—all the time making with the gay city chatter.

When he began he looked like a guy starting his last mile. We spent the first day doing the scene and redoing it. He spent the second day on the same scene, doing it forty-eight times. I never felt so sorry for anyone.

During the second day's shooting, I took Coop off-set and said, "You don't know me from Adam's ox, but I have a son—you remind me of him. He'd feel as you do having to play a silly scene like this. But why let it scare you? It's not a matter of life or death—only celluloid. They've got plenty more to put in that box. Relax, boy! Get that poker out of your spinal column."

He shuddered. "I can't. I never did things like this."

Relax he could not, and Frank Lloyd, the gentlest of men, began to lose his temper. Clara Bow had already lost hers.

I liked Cooper from the start, and said to Frank, "Look. There's only one way you'll ever get that guy through this picture. Get him into a romantic clinch with Clara. She'll relax him—she's the only one who can."

"Okay," said Frank. "Go to work on it—it's your idea."

"Who, me? My business is acting." Too often my ideas turned and bit me! Yet the idea intrigued me, so I started to work on Clara.

The idea shocked her out of a year's growth. "Me—fall in love with that gawky lout who can't act and never will learn?" Then she yelped, "Where did they find him anyway?"

"They lassoed him on the range in Montana," I said, "and he's pretty hot stuff. He's going to be a star, too, you mark my words. It would be a feather in your cap, my girl, if you could discover him, help him along, instead of throwing ice water in his face every time you look at him. He's done nothing to you—"

"He's wasted two whole days," she pouted.

"How many did you waste before Elinor Glyn dubbed you the 'It' girl?" I said.

"That's different."

"How?" But I could see she was interested.

Next day Coop didn't show up. However, Frank Lloyd and the studio executives looked at the first day's rushes. Even though Gary's acting was horrible, they detected something on the screen they liked. The studio sent out the alarm: "Get him back—get on with the picture."

What Cooper had on screen, even then, was an inward force, a smouldering something. You felt, "Golly, if the guy ever opens up and lets go, he'll singe the celluloid!" You feel it in some of his scenes, but as Al Jolson might have said, "You ain't seen nuthin' yet." John Barrymore saw one of Cooper's earlier pictures and said, "That fellow is the world's greatest actor. He can do, with no effort, what the rest of us spend years trying to learn: be perfectly natural."

Well, they got Coop back and eased him through some scenes where he rode a horse. He and the horse got through quite well.

Clara admitted he knew what to do with horses. "The trouble is," she said, "when he puts his arms round me I feel like a horse."

"It's up to you to make him forget horses," I said.

YOUNG GARY COOPER was discovered for films because he was the quiet, steel-spring type the studio needed to play the cowboy in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." The part was big enough to give Cooper a start towards stardom.

As the picture went on, the romance kept pace. Each love scene became better than the one before. When "Children of Divorce" was ready for release the Hollywood firmament had a new star, named Gary Cooper.

The romance with Clara Bow folded, and Coop became attached to Lupe Velez, who relaxed him even more than Clara had.

He bought her an eagle for a pet—just for the hell of it. Lupe yelled, "Not even a bird should live alone; it's against nature!" So Coop went to Catalina Island, climbed the crags, and found the eagle a companion. He was a mass of digs and scratches, but Lupe's eagle was fixed up; at least until the birds flew at each other with intent to kill and somebody discovered they were of the same sex.

Lupe bought a house complete with swimming-pool, but she didn't like the color of the pool, so she got some bright blue paint and put Coop to work. As they toiled over that paint job their screams of laughter could be heard all over Beverly Hills.

But time marched on, and so did Coop. When Lupe became too demanding, his next stop was the Countess Dorothy Di Frasso, who found our town a virgin pasture for her type of worldliness. She mixed titles with prize-fighters, and motion-picture stars with babes of the evening. Her food and liquor were of top quality, even though some of her guests weren't, and her music had that old beat-beat of the jungle.

At one party, knowing well the habits and proclivities of her guests, Dorothy arranged a recording machine under the sofa in her front hall, hoping to pick up some spicy titbits from her unsuspecting friends.

But the tables were turned. All unknowing, Jack Barrymore led his bride, Elaine Barrie, to the sofa, and proceeded to give her the lowdown and unofficial rating of every star who came through the front door, interspersed with a seasoning of salty reminiscences of their charming hostess.

Finally Di Frasso got the lovebirds off her hot seat, took the record to her bedroom, and called in her pals for a playback. A few revolutions were enough. Dorothy smashed the record before it could go the distance. It shattered into a thousand bits, and thus ended another beautiful friendship.

Di Frasso latched on to Coop when he was worn out from too many pictures, too much Lupe, and too much living. He was dead tired and his physician ordered a sea voyage.

The countess figured a safari to Africa would be about what the doctor ordered. Coop was too exhausted to say no. He wanted to get on a slow boat that would carry him half-way round the world, so he went to Italy, thence to Africa.

The safari over, the countess introduced him to the so-called International Set.

Coop didn't get back to simple living until his eye fell on a little girl named Sandra Shaw, who arrived in town with an old nurse and a big dog. Sandra had set her sights on the movies, and her mother thought the best protection would be a nurse and a dog. Sandra had been to Hollywood before. She and her mother lived for a time at the old Hollywood Hotel when I was there. That was before Mama married Paul Shilds, of Wall Street, and was known thereafter as a member of New York's Four Hundred.

Coop and Sandra got married; then she used her right name, Veronica Balfe. The day after they returned from their honeymoon I watched Di Frasso stand at their luncheon table at the old Vendome for nearly an hour before she was invited by Coop to sit down. On a leash she had a pet dog he'd given her, and was full of reminiscences. The new bridegroom wanted no part of these narratives, but Di Frasso talked and Rocky listened, and learned much she hadn't known before.

The Coopers had almost seventeen years of happy marriage before they separated. Both liked the great outdoors and were particularly fond of ski-ing.

In 1942 I made half a dozen short subjects for release in movie theatres. They turned out fairly good, too. When the Coopers joined Ernest Hemingway and his then-wife, Martha Gellhorn, at Sun Valley, I decided I had to get that quartet in a movie short, so I sent my cameraman up to shoot the works.

To be continued

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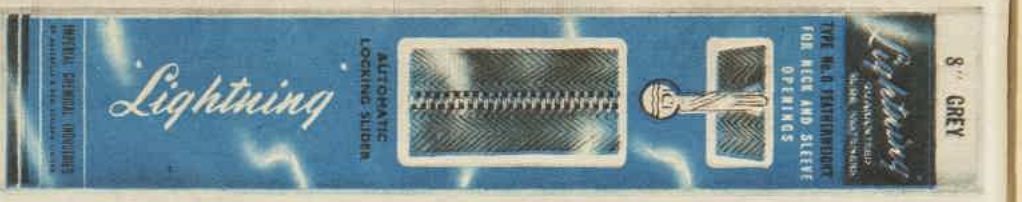

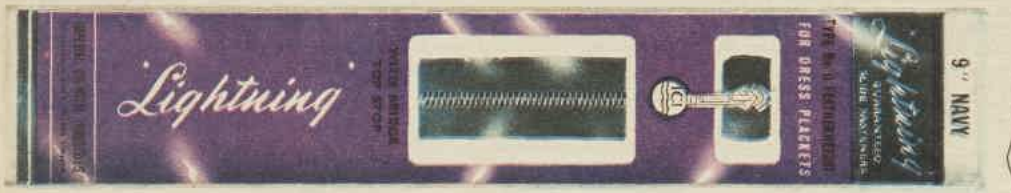

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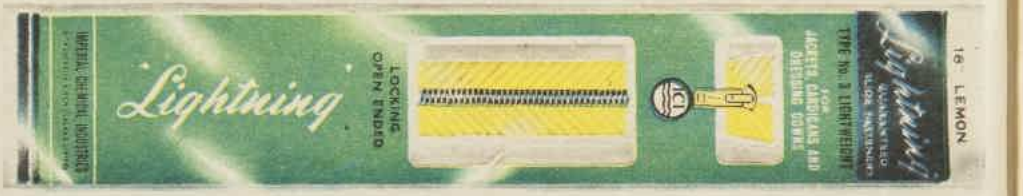

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THIS year, the shapley fitted suit jacket, which has been top fashion for seasons, is exchanged for a suit with a box jacket. The exception is Dior's tulip-line suit.

The new boxy jacket is narrower than the standard boxy jacket hitherto worn, and is more oblong than square. It is a jacket with little or no trimming detail —quite often collarless and never flared. It tops a slender-line skirt. It can be lined (and often is, with a print) to match its own blouse.

by Betty Keep

It can be short-cut and brief-sleeved for summer, and made in satin (often jewelled) for evening. It is favored by the female of the species because it can start out in the morning looking chic and continue that way right through the day and the best part of the night.

So far the male population look at it askance, but it is my guess they will be won over, because, when cut to suit the wearer's figure proportions, it is the most becoming suit of the year—short-cut for the petite figure and slightly long for the long-legged types.

NEW IN THE SPRING FASHIONS is a slimmed-down coat, seen in many materials and numbers of designs. It can be a densely patterned cotton made on easy cardigan lines, at times back-belted or finished with a single back pleat. It can be made in neutral-colored raw silk or a thick chalk-white pebbly pique.

In New York, coats of varying materials are being treated with Unisic to make them proof against rain. In the same city a sweater-coat, hem-length, is made in narrow ribbing. Straight and slim (and rumple-proof), it is designed to be worn over everything from a swimsuit to a party dress.

In Paris, Dior is using his "tulip" line, with widened emphasis on the bosom, for a waisted and collarless coat. Another Dior design shows a coat with collarless neckline cut well away from the shoulders.

Balenciaga belts a straight-cut coat under the bosom, and an above-knee-length coat is becoming universally popular for travel.

A PRINTED DRESS is the new spring look for the city. In Paris it is almost a uniform. Its design is often the essence of simplicity, its material creates the drama. French fabric houses have outdone themselves in originality and prettiness. Their inspirations have been taken from many sources—from flower gardens and orchards, from the pelts of wild animals, and from Chinese and Persian prints.

Polka dots are another Paris love. They appear through every dress collection and on every type of material, spattered or spaced regularly.

ILLUSTRATED ON THE PAGE is a flower-printed one-piece. The cross-over bodice is flattering to all figure types, the skirt is gracefully full. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in stock sizes. See further details under the illustration.

Doctors Prove Palmolive can bring YOU... a lovelier complexion in 14 days!

You too CAN LOOK FOR THESE COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- Fresher, brighter complexion!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness and smoothness!
- Fewer, tiny blemishes—and incipient blackheads!
- Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO!

Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then for 60 seconds massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's beautifying effect.

REGULAR & ECONOMY BATH SIZE

M44

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because five doctors now have proved you can break the laxative habit. And establish your natural powers of regularity. Eighty-three per cent. of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take two Carter's Little Liver Pills. Second week—one each night. Third week—one every other night. Then—nothing!

Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Five doctors proved this plan can break the laxative habit.

How can Carter's Little Liver Pills break the laxative habit?

Because Carter's not only "unblock" the lower digestive tract but they also improve the flow of liver bile that you need to be regular naturally.

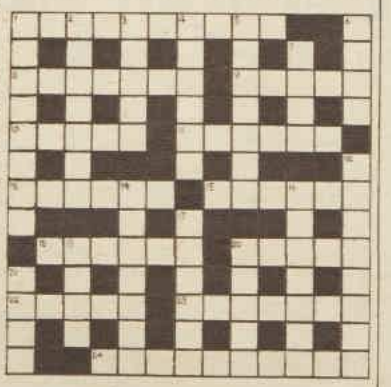
Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs.

Break the laxative habit . . . with Carter's Little Liver Pills . . . and be regular naturally.

When worry, overeating, overwork make you irregular temporarily—take Carter's Little Liver Pills temporarily. And never get the laxative habit.

Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today. You'll be grateful the rest of your life.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Perfect study of working out arithmetical problem with a fellow (10).
8. Observed but not frozen (7).
9. State of equality is a capital city (5).
10. Set of steps leading to a holy atmosphere (5).
11. Amorous (6).
13. Place of classical darkness before a public conveyance (6).
15. Be consumed and thrashed (6).
18. The rat family lead with a stick to a headless tent (6).
20. Tropical fruit gives instruction to woman's husband to leave (5).
22. I and a learned person make a picture (5).
23. Vessel which is potential can be drunk (7).
24. Binding a fine cord to an entangled net (10).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Coarse tobacco in a vessel with flower (8).
2. Chemical made in disorderly air tent (7).
3. Open sore or moral blemish (5).
4. Fashionable (6).
5. First-rate cavity under the summit (3, 4).
6. Look, the holy man disappeared (4).
7. This duke won at Waterloo (4).
12. Lazy in hoax during 40 days before Easter (8).
14. Don't employ so much; it's unavailing (7).
16. Capable of being held in twisted net bale (7).
17. Saint in a high place or in a dazed state (6).
19. Cricket ground (4).
20. Mother leads a mineral to morning prayer (5).
21. Bespatter thousand with anger (4).

A Bright and Healthy Home in every tin!

Always ask for

FISHER'S WAX

The Quickest & Easiest Polish for Floors & Furniture

For dark woods ask for FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

TRY IT NOW — IN THE NEW HANDY SIZE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4381555

The hand that rocks the cradle

has many other duties to perform. But looking after baby is very nearly a full-time job on its own. That is why many young mothers (and young grandmothers) simplify their household accounts by having a cheque account with the Bank of New South Wales. It is so much easier to post a cheque than to trail down the street, or into town, to pay accounts. And so much more business-like, too—for a "Wales" cheque account can provide a complete record of income and expenditure. Women of all ages, whether at home or in business, save time and trouble by paying by "Wales" cheque.

Why not you? The Manager of your nearest branch will be glad to explain how a "Wales" cheque account can help you. Call and see him to-day.

BANK OF
NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

A5302C

Continuing . . . . The Windfall

from page 5

baby present, perhaps a blanket, but the trouble with that was the color. She wouldn't know whether to get pink or blue.

She hoped they weren't expecting more of a present, but, of course, once she got the money she might buy something else, maybe a silver spoon and fork and pusher.

That would be very nice, she thought, and added a silver cup. It was the first time she'd got extravagant with the money . . .

Arthur sat on the edge of the bed, stroking Caroline's hair. She'd stopped sobbing. "But, darling," he said, "of course I want the baby. I want a little girl with ribbons in her hair and starched dresses."

"Suppose it's a boy?"

"Boys are nice, too."

"It's easier to dress a girl. You can make things for them."

"But if it's a boy he can sell papers."

Arthur was smiling when he said it, but Caroline didn't notice that. She doubled up her fists and pounded the pillow. "Money, money, money, that's all you ever think about."

Arthur began to count to a hundred, very slowly, by twos.

. . . . . .

Young Mr. Carson, who reminded her a little of Jimmy Stewart, called on Miss Martha early next morning. He was afraid she'd neglected to take out fire and theft insurance since she'd moved from Mrs. Caskie's.

"You know, I'd forgotten all about it," Miss Martha said, and Mr. Carson told her he'd see she was covered. He even talked like Jimmy Stewart.

"We handle all kinds of insurance," Mr. Carson said, and Miss Martha thought that seemed very sensible. "And annuities," Mr. Carson added.

Miss Martha said it was so interesting she wished she could sit and talk all morning, but she knew how busy he was and it was so nice of him to worry about her and take the trouble to come by, and perhaps sometime when he wasn't so terribly rushed they could have a long talk. Mr. Carson, without quite knowing how it had come about, found himself at the front door with his hat in his hand.

Now, wasn't that sweet of him, Miss Martha thought. She put on her hat and gloves and walked down town, because the new Film World came out that day and she was eager to read the article on Bing Crosby they'd advertised last month.

She was so pleased with the way Bing had settled down. He used to be rather wild, not so much wild as spirited, but he'd changed so much after Dixie died. Of course, playing priests had helped a lot too.

"You're late this morning," Mr. Barnett said, when she got to the news-stand, and Miss Martha explained she'd been tied up with a business appointment.

MISS MARTHA enjoyed being able to refer to her little talk with Mr. Carson as a business appointment, but most of all she enjoyed the luxury of being late.

"Do you have any idea how much profit there is in a stand like this?" Mr. Barnett said, and Miss Martha said no, she didn't. It was very friendly of him to take the time and trouble to explain the running of his business, but she didn't want to take up too much of his morning.

She could see he hadn't even sorted his papers yet. She paid for the new Film World, and hoped he'd find a partner like he wanted, someone with working capital, whatever that was. Money, she supposed.

Mr. George Dodds was leaning up against the front bumper-bar of a new car, a yellow roadster with the top down. He was wearing a striped shirt and grey gabardine slacks, and, like most men who sold cars, he always had a smile and a cheery word for everybody.

He insisted on driving Miss Martha home, and offered to put the top up, but Miss Martha said she'd rather have it down. She was in that kind of mood.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Mr. Dodds asked, and Miss Martha said she thought it was a lovely car and so comfortable.

He invited her to drive to Sydney with him next day. "We'll have lunch at the Grand," he said, and Miss Martha thought that would be very nice indeed. It was always an adventure to eat lunch in a big hotel.

One of the nicest things about her new room, Miss Martha had found, was the way Mrs. Lawson always tried to make her feel completely at home.

As she entered the house, Mrs. Lawson invited her to come and sit in the parlor. "Mr. Lawson loved this room," Mrs. Lawson said, and Miss Martha wondered what sort of man Mr. Lawson had been. She could barely remember him. Getting out so seldom, it had been difficult to keep track of people.

"You don't find houses like this any more," Mrs. Lawson said. "They just don't build them."

Miss Martha was sure they didn't.

"I'd hate to part with it," Mrs. Lawson said, "but if I found someone who really loved the place and would take good care of it—"

"Oh, you shouldn't even think of selling it," Miss Martha said, and apologised for having kept Mrs. Lawson from her gardening. "It was very selfish of me, but I was having such a good time. Now you get right on out there to those flowers."

When she went up to her room, Miss Martha found that Mrs. Lawson had cut some red roses for the vase on her dresser and had even brought her mail upstairs.

There were some pretty pamphlets from the Tourist Bureau. Colonel Usher and his wife wanted her to come to dinner on Friday the twenty-fourth, and Mrs. Lawrence Shore had offered her name for membership in a book club.

"The place won't be the same without you, Hedwick . . . that's one consolation."

I can't understand why we have all these awful wars, Miss Martha thought, marvelling that cruelty of any sort could exist in such a friendly world.

. . . . . .

When Arthur took the front steps in a single leap, Caroline braced herself against some new scheme to get rich overnight. He strolled casually into the living-room, adjusting his tie.

He had the look, all right. Last time it had been raising chinchillas. "Had lunch at the Grand," he said, and before Caroline could protest, he added, "Bert paid for it."

"When did Mr. Williams get to be Bert?"

"At lunch. It was his idea." Arthur kissed the crown of her head, then moved over to the sideboard to mix himself a drink.

"I had lobster thermidor. The iced coffee was extra, also the napoleon. A napoleon's a kind of French pastry."

"I know what they are."

"I didn't."

Caroline began to get the first faint outlines of the picture. "I don't suppose all this

To page 41

Australian climate dries, ages your skin!

Don't let drying skin give you that "getting-older" look

Harsh winds, burning sun, "sticky" humidity can play havoc with your skin!

Almost every woman after 25 knows that dismaying little shock of finding dry skin signs — flaky patches, tiny criss-cross lines that say: *you are getting older*. At about 25, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh, starts decreasing.

But many, many Australian women show these dry skin signs even earlier.

It's our severe climate — drying, roughening winter winds; a burning summer sun; often a humid "sticky" atmosphere — that can make you look as many as *10 years older* than your real age.

Yet — you *can* offset this loss of natural softening oil. You can use the special replacer known and loved by so many women for its really remarkable help. You can use Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make this rich cream extra effective for drying skin. It is very rich in *lanolin* — most like the skin's own precious oil. It is homogenized — to soak in better. And it has a *special emulsifier* for extra softening.

Smooth away dryness — this way

Soften by night. Cleanse skin thoroughly. Then work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face, and throat. Leave cream on a few minutes — then tissue off lightly, leaving a thin veil of cream to coddle your skin while you sleep.

Protect and soften by day. Be sure to smooth in a softening touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. You'll find that this rich cream guards your skin from parching winds and dehydrating sun.

Use this remarkable cream for a week. See if it isn't the finest help for dry skin you've ever used. Get a jar or tube of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

3 features make it extra effective for dry skin

1. Rich in lanolin.
2. Homogenized to soak in better.
3. Special emulsifier for extra softening.

THE VISCOUNTESS BOYLE
"I'm so pleased with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. It's wonderfully rich; you can feel it help dry skin right away."

THE PRINCESS MURAT
"My skin roughs up easily. But Pond's Dry Skin Cream corrects dryness so quickly, it's a delight to use."

Crêpy-Dry Eyelids make your skin look darkened, fade out your eyes.
To Lighten and Soften — *Nightly*, touch Pond's Dry Skin Cream to *inner* corners of eyes — tap *gently out* over lids. Leave a little of this lanolin-rich cream on all night. A *special emulsifier* makes it extra-softening.

Dry Skin "Down-Lines" by your nose and mouth harden your expression.
To Help Soften Lines — "Knuckle in" softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream *out* and *up* from nostrils, mouth. See this lanolin-rich cream smooth that "dry skin", tense look. It's *homogenized* to soak in better.

PD31A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4381556

Continuing . . . . The Windfall

from page 40

could have anything to do with Aunt Martha's money?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Bert figured she'd naturally come to me for financial advice, and since we're in business together—" Arthur spotted the overnight bag, and the mood was abruptly broken.

"Better not put the car away tonight," Caroline said. In time of crisis, Caroline always became intensely and, it seemed to Arthur, outrageously practical . . .

Mr. Anderson was very interesting to talk to, Miss Martha found. He talked mostly about property values, which was natural, being in the real-estate business.

Mrs. Anderson talked about her work with the local branch of the R.S.P.C.A., and, of course, that was terribly interesting, too, especially cats. James Mason and his wife had twenty-eight cats in their house.

"When you own a piece of land," Mr. Anderson said as he carved the roast, "you own a part of your community. It gives you a feeling of stability."

"The girls want you to see what we're doing at the office," Mrs. Anderson said.

"I'd love to," Miss Martha said, and she thanked Mr. Anderson for inviting her to take a drive with him on Sunday after church.

"A couple of little places I want you to see," Mr. Anderson said.

"If we only had a larger building," Mrs. Anderson said . . .

Arthur wanted to carry Caroline out to the car, but she said she was all right now; she could walk. He ran back to the house for the overnight bag.

He was sweating ice water. He got the car started and was backing it out of the driveway when Caroline asked if he'd locked the front door. That was Caroline all over.

"It won't take a minute," Caroline said, and he set the hand brake, wriggled out of the car, and ran up the front steps again, although at the moment he wouldn't have minded if all the crooks in the world banded together and drove up in a removal van.

"It's going to be all right." Arthur started the car again. "Don't worry, darling. It's going to be all right."

"Be sure to put the milk can out," Caroline said.

As Arthur drove he wondered how those cab-drivers managed to deliver babies all the time.

"And pick up the cleaning," Caroline said.

The cab companies ought to give their drivers a course in obstetrics, Arthur thought. It might be a good idea; might be money in it.

"Leave the key in the letter box for Jean," Caroline said, "and don't worry about her lunch. There's plenty of meat loaf left."

Arthur wasn't at all worried about Jean's lunch. The first thing he was going to do was buy up all the flowers in town. And then toys.

"And be sure to call Aunt Martha," Caroline said. Arthur had already planned to do that, but he hadn't mentioned it. Anything involving Aunt Martha was kind of touchy these days.

"Don't go wasting money on flowers," Caroline said as they started up the hospital steps.

Arthur kept looking around the lobby for the doctor. They were paying him enough. Caroline walked over to the desk and registered as though it were a hotel.

Arthur sat in an imitation-leather chair. No wonder most babies were delivered by cab-drivers. The doctors were always out playing poker.

"Now, don't worry, darling," Caroline said before she followed the nurse down the hall. "It's going to be all right."

Arthur kissed her and watched her walk away with a sickening sense of loss and loneliness.

Nothing's going to happen to her, he kept telling himself. People have babies every day. He began to worry about where to leave the key for Jean. In the milk can, he thought . . .

Miss Martha finally gave up trying to get Arthur to read anything. He just sat there, staring at the blank wall, and after a while she stopped reading, too. She began thinking about the money, probably because of Arthur.

Sometimes she thought that other people, Arthur especially, worried more about the money than she did. Actually, when she thought about it, she was more puzzled than anything else, and a little frightened. It was such a lot of money.

So many people even Caroline, had suggested travel, Miss Martha reflected, but she couldn't think of any place she particularly wanted to go, Hollywood least of all.

She knew every stick of furniture in Joan Crawford's house, but not until to-night had she known about Mrs. Anderson's lovely antiques, and Mrs. Anderson lived right here. She knew the favorite recipes, books, and shampoos of most of Beverly Hills, but she didn't know the girl who sold tickets at the Odeon or the manager of the cafe next door to Mr. Barnett's news-stand.

I could get on a boat, one of those South Sea island cruises, she thought, and twenty years ago she would already have written to the steamship company for literature, but twenty years ago she was still able to eat anything she wanted and was only just beginning to climb stairs more slowly.

She'd entered Mrs. Caskie's sickroom the week when Caroline was cutting her first tooth, and she'd left it one Sunday night when Caroline and her husband had invited her to come and listen to a broadcast from London on their new radio.

The whole of that time, the war and Caroline's growing up, had been consumed with alcohol rubs and sponge baths, with bed changing, massages, double solitaire, reading aloud, and endless rocking, and never once going to bed with any assurance of sleeping the night through.

The money, for the first time, didn't really seem too much.

Arthur said, "They look rather raw at first, don't they?" and Miss Martha roused up, momentarily startled by the sound of a voice in the hushed waiting-room.

She glanced at her watch. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, an hour she'd come to know.

"Only other people's babies," she said. "Your own always look so beautiful."

"Jean says their heads are soft. She made them sound so—so squashy."

"Oh dear, no, they're very tough little things. You'll see."

Arthur smiled gratefully out of a need which had nothing to do with her money.

"I suppose we ought to have a nurse," Arthur said after a while, "at least for the first couple of weeks." Being Arthur, he couldn't go too long without worrying about the cost of something.

"I'm sure Caroline and I can manage all right," Miss Martha said, and in saying it she knew what she was letting herself in for.

She was trading the sickroom for the nursery, but she knew how much the young people would need her now, not only for the first week or two at home, but also for the months, even years, ahead.

Unless they had somebody they could rely on to sit with the baby, they'd feel uneasy about going out, and once they let themselves be pinned down to the nursery they'd start nagging at each other and no telling where it might end.

Arthur will like having a free baby-sitter, Miss Martha thought, and Caroline won't worry about a thing as long as I'm there.

Already she was sitting in their living-room with her magazine in her lap and her head cocked towards the room where the baby was sleeping.

She was used to reading that way, and after so many years of ministering to helplessness she would feel quite lost without someone depending on her.

In a moment of complete honesty with herself, Miss Martha felt selfishly pleased that the young people needed her. Unlike the money, this was something she understood and could cope with.

As for the money, it would all go to the baby eventually, but until then she thought she'd leave it in the bank.

Perhaps because there had been so little of mystery or interest in her life, she rather enjoyed the prospect of having people go right on talking about the money behind her back and wondering what in the world she'd ever do with it.

She was sure the Andersons and the Ushers and all her other new friends weren't being nice to her just because of the money, but it did help.

It made her interesting, like Mrs. Usher, who'd lived in the Philippine Islands, and Joyce Landrum, who'd been on the stage.

"Here comes the nurse," Arthur said, and they could see from her smile that everything was all right.

Miss Martha got up from her chair with a feeling of enormous relief and satisfaction, a little like Greer Garson when she discovered radium.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD

NOW THE ONLY BREAKFAST CEREAL ENRICHED WITH Glucose

"Life's Vital Force"

The glucose added to Kellogg's Bran Flakes is the same as that already in your system—the source of all your energy! Now, these crisp, delicious flakes are an essential vitality food — bringing you "Life's Vital Force".

BRIGHT NEW PACK!

New luscious flavour!

TASTE the Difference!

Never before has wheat tasted so good! Kellogg's Bran Flakes now bring you GLUCOSE — the ingredient that makes every flake more delicious!

SEE the Difference!

Watch how each tempting, golden flake stands up to milk. Crisper and firmer than any other wheat flake or biscuit — because these new improved Kellogg's Bran Flakes are made from the outer layers of the wheat grain.

FEEL the Difference!

Those outer layers of the wheat grain are rich in Vitamins B1, B2, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. That's why Kellogg's Bran Flakes are more nourishing than other wheat flakes or biscuits. Mildly laxative, too! Ideal for children and elderly folk.

New Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

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Continuing . . . . **Murder Among Those Present**

from page 3

I was beginning to regret my impulsiveness in tackling Millicent, for the knowledge I had gained was uncomfortable at best.

I was dressing to go down to Tony's home that afternoon when I heard Ann's voice at the front door. "Is Noel still at home, Ailsa? Thanks. I'll go straight through."

She came into my room and I was amazed at her appearance. Ann is one of those fortunate mortals who naturally look as if they have stepped straight from the pages of a fashion magazine. She has a steady loveliness that is seldom ruffled and I had always looked to her stability to counteract my more volatile temperament. Only great distress could have induced Ann to look as she did then.

The coat she wore to school in the worst of weather was tightly belted around her waist and, instead of a hat, she had simply tied a scarf, peasant-fashion, over her hair. She had not bothered with make-up, except for a crimson lipstick that blazed in her white face and screamed defiance at the scarlet in her scarf. Her skin seemed to have lost its sheen, and her normal serenity was entirely lacking.

She closed my door firmly behind her and leaned against it. "Noel, I've got to talk to you." Her voice was barely audible.

"Sit down and talk, then," I suggested. "Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks. Yes, I will." She lit it and inhaled deeply. "I can't talk here, Noel. If we stay cooped up in here Ailsa will be wondering what it is all about. She's curious now as to why I'm here."

I was doing my own share of wondering, but Ann was so obviously distressed that I hesitated to question her.

"It's not raining," I said. "Let's go for a walk and you can talk then. I don't have to be at Tony's till tea-time, so we've the afternoon in front of us."

"Come on, then," she said, stubbing her cigarette and barely giving me time to collect my handbag and gloves before she was out the door.

The lanes around Sutton are lovely at all times of the year, even in the winter. Although the air was cold, a pale sun had struggled through the clouds, and, as we turned our steps away from the township along one of the quiet roads leading to the outlying farms, I felt that I could thoroughly enjoy the walk, if it were not for Ann's queer behaviour.

For a time we walked in silence. The air had a luminous stillness, and sounds reached us from an incredible distance. Ann did not speak until we had passed the last of the village houses and were walking on the open road bordered by paddocks with their hedges of hawthorn.

Then she said in an expressive voice, "I hear you had an interesting conversation with Millicent last night?"

"Who told you?" I asked, startled.

"Vin."

I looked at her in surprise, but she was looking straight ahead. I said nothing, and she went on, still speaking in the same monotone: "He came to see me this morning. He looked absolutely dreadful."

"I imagine he had an out-size hangover," I suggested.

"Yes. He probably did," she admitted, "but I rather think Millicent shocked him sober last night. It was a terrific blow when they realised that you had connected Millicent with Joy."

"Did Vin tell you what it was all about?" I asked curiously.

"Yes. I expect you can guess part of it for yourself. I'll tell you the full story and you can see what you think of it. You may not know that Vin was, at one time, engaged to a girl who jilted him in a particularly putrid fashion."

"Ken Farrel told me about it last night."

"Well, after that happened, the silly ass threw himself into a hectic affair with Joy Thomas. Then—" she faltered momentarily—"he says, he met me and he suddenly realised what a fool he was making of himself, and decided to break with Joy. It wasn't as easy as he expected. Having got her claws well in, Joy had no intention of letting go. When he stopped going to see her, she took to ringing him up and asking him to meet her.

"After a number of refusals, she started making vague threats, and he thought he had better see her to find out what was at the bottom of it. She told him bluntly that she was going to have a baby and that she intended going to Mr. Palmer and telling him that Vin was the father. You can imagine what a hornet's nest that would have stirred up."

"Was he the father?" I asked sharply.

WITH a small sound of distress, Ann said unhappily, "He admits that he could have been, but he doesn't really know. Joy herself didn't know—or said she didn't. She—she must have been absolutely brazen, Noel. Anyway, she was prepared to tell Mr. Palmer it was Vin's."

"Surely she didn't want him to marry her?" I asked.

"No; she only wanted money. If Vin would give her £200, she was prepared to leave the district. Why she chose that amount, I don't know. I suppose it seemed quite a large sum to her. At any rate, it was too much for Vin at the time. He'd had a quarrel with his father about debts only a short while before and didn't dare approach him again. Joy kept phoning each day, and he was nearly frantic. At last he went to Millicent and told her the whole story.

"She took matters right out of his hands. The next time Joy rang, Millicent took the call and arranged to meet her—at your place that evening, as you know—and pay her the money. Joy assured her she really would leave shortly afterwards, and they hoped that would be the end of it. When she disappeared, they thought she had merely kept her word, but when she was found in the river, they were terrified. If Vin's association with her came out—well—you can imagine all the complications that would cause."

"He'd probably be suspected of pushing her in," I commented. "It's a wonder the police didn't check up on him. They must have known he'd been seeing a fair bit of her. In a place like this, you just can't have a secret affair."

"They did question him, and he admitted being on friendly terms with her, but he made it sound as innocent as possible, and he didn't tell them anything of her blackmailing activities."

"Then he's sillier than I thought he was," I said. "I suppose he was afraid to provide a motive against himself, but if they find out some other way—and they probably will—it will look even worse, and if he had told them Joy was given to blackmail, it might have given them a lead. For all we know, she might have tried the same game with others besides Vin, and any one of them might have decided to put an end to it, once and for all. I suppose you take Vin's word for it that he didn't throw the wretched girl in the river?"

"Oh, Noel! You don't think he did, do you?" cried Ann reproachfully.

"I don't think he's got enough nerve," I said brutally. "I wouldn't put it past my lady Millicent, though. She's strong enough and ruthless enough, and I should say she'd do anything to keep the Palmer name out of the mud."

Ann was genuinely shocked. I had forgotten how closely these squatter families were connected and how they would close their ranks in times of trouble. Her obvious distress made me contrite.

"I'm sorry, Ann," I said. "Tell me the rest of the story."

"Well, the police seemed satisfied with his story and he heard no more from them. When the inquest resulted in an open verdict, he and Millicent thought everything was going to be all right. The police may have had their suspicions, but they can't have had any real evidence or it would have been brought forward at the inquest."

"Not necessarily," I said slowly. "I don't know much about police procedure, but I wouldn't be too sure of that. I have an idea a case is never considered closed until it is solved. What about the money? They might be able to trace some connection between Joy and Millicent through that. We don't know whether or not Joy had spent it."

"I thought of that myself, but Vin said he thought they were safe enough on that score. Millicent didn't draw it all from the bank in one lump, and she paid Joy in small notes. No, Noel. There's only one real danger now."

She paused and added slowly, "You are that danger. If you talked about Millicent's meeting with Joy and started tongues wagging again, the whole story might come out. That's why Vin came to see me. He thought, if you hadn't already spoken to anyone about it, I might be able to persuade you to keep it to yourself. You will, won't you, Noel. Promise me you will."

I was silent for a moment. We had unconsciously slowed our steps, and now I stood still. "Before I decide, Ann, I've got to know—just what is your interest in all this?"

For the first time, she turned her face towards me. Her eyes were pools of darkness, deep and still. "I shall probably

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Beauty in brief:

WAIST TRIMMER

By CAROLYN EARLE

● A slender waistline is achieved (a) by pulling the torso up from the hips, and (b) by indenting the intervening space with a firm muscular girdle.

THE following routine affords a simple way of achieving a neat waist:

Divide a pack of cards into two sections and place them on the floor about a yard apart. Stand, in bare feet, about six inches back from the centre of an imaginary line drawn between the two packs.

Now stretch the hands high above the head, and, turning slowly, swing down and pick up one of the cards in the left pack with the right hand, holding the knees as unbending as possible.

Come up to position and start over again, reversing the swing and turning to the other side.

You will not be able to pick up the whole pack of cards, but eventually you may be able to stand nearer to them and get more twist.

NURSE RECOMMENDS

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

"in all digestive troubles"

ARE YOU one of those unhappy folk who suffer the misery of digestive pain after every meal? If so, just read what Nurse E. R. has written, not only of her patients' but also of her own experience. Who can offer sounder advice than a nurse of 30 years' standing? This is what she says:

"I have been very glad of De Witt's Antacid Powder lately as I have had severe attacks of indigestion . . . I find it most successful . . . I recommend it to all neighbours asking for help in all digestive troubles."

If you suffer from indigestion, heartburn or dyspepsia after your meals, here is a friend-in-need to give you prompt relief. De Witt's Antacid Powder soothes and sweetens your sour stomach, neutralises excess acidity. Just a teaspoonful of this valuable family medicine in half a glass of water is an effective dose.

Moreover, De Witt's Antacid Powder gives a protective coating to the delicate stomach lining, bringing prolonged relief, easing the strain on your over-taxed digestion, thus allowing Nature time to do her healing work. Remember that De Witt's Antacid Powder has been a godsend to thousands of digestive sufferers all over the world. Get a canister from your chemist or storekeeper.

Nurse E. R.'s letter can be seen at our Melbourne office. This photograph was posed by a model.

Away from home—
always carry a few
DeWITT'S ANTACID TABLETS
No water needed. Pleasant flavour
Easy tear-off strips
1/6 and 2½ times the quantity 2/9

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TESTS PUBLISHED IN AUTHORITATIVE DENTAL LITERATURE SHOW THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

LATER *THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM*

Most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type.

BUY THE BIG FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE

USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
- ✓ *TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH*
- ✓ *WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH*
- ✓ *AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY BEST*

AMERICA'S LARGEST—AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST—THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM

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"We keep regular by eating chocolate!"

There's no fuss in this family, when anyone is sick, listery, constipated. Just a dose of Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. No spoons, no spilling, no water, no grumbles! In the morning, a smooth motion! – and all merry and bright again.

EVERYBODY LIKES LAXETTES

— the gentle chocolate laxative

Laxettes *taste* so good . . . and they *work* so well too. They contain phenolphthalein—the wonderful tasteless drug that expels waste matter from the system gently and thoroughly. Laxettes are harmless, never upset the stomach and never cause griping. They are NOT habit-forming. Keep *your* family fit the delightful Laxette way!

LAXETTES
WORK SO SMOOTHLY

YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE

but one makes you feel better tomorrow

Gets all dirt fast ... but NEVER A SCRATCH

You'll give your bath a super-sheen as you clean with grit-free Bon Ami Cleanser. And see how fast it cuts the grease on your kitchen sink, your pots and pans. There's no other cleanser like it. Try it.

BON AMI
THE ONE FAST CLEANSER
THAT 'hasn't scratched yet!'

Continuing . . . .

Murder Among Those Present

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marry Vin eventually," she said quietly.

I was not merely dumbfounded; I was aghast. That my lovely, lovely Ann could ever consider marrying that graceless young pup was inconceivable. "Ann! You couldn't possibly!"

"I could, and I probably will. Given any encouragement, Vin will make a man of himself now, but if all this becomes public, he will never live it down, and he won't even bother trying. I think he deserves a chance to make good. As long as I have faith in him, I think he'll justify it. Please, Noel, give him that chance."

I was silent. Ann's happiness meant a great deal to me, and while I could not understand her feeling for Vin Palmer, if her heart was set on trying to make a man of him, I wasn't going to be the one to balk her. I took a deep breath.

"Very well, Ann. For your sake I'll agree not to tell anyone. It isn't really any of my business and I imagine the police can quite well manage their affairs without any help from me. There's only one stipulation. If, at any time, either of us has further cause to suspect that Vin or Millicent did have anything to do with Joy's death, I am released from my promise."

Ann accepted this highfalutin pronouncement with due solemnity. We were both young enough and naive enough to be awed by our own noble resolutions.

"You mustn't even tell Tony," she urged. I hesitated. I hated keeping anything from Tony, but I finally gave way to Ann's insistence.

"How can the Palmers be sure I will keep my word?" I queried.

"I'll tell them so," said Ann simply.

I doubted whether Millicent would be comforted by Ann's assurance, but, after all, it was the best she could hope for. I got a certain unkind amusement from the thought that, after all her unnecessary rudeness to me, the Palmer reputation was dependent on my word.

"Joy certainly was an utter little beast," I commented. "It looks as though she deserved the fate she met. All the same, I would like to see the whole thing cleared up. Blackmail is a hateful thing, but so is murder, and I'm more convinced than ever that Joy was murdered. I do think Vin ought to pluck up courage to make a clean breast of things to Sergeant Blackwood. It would be a difficult thing to do, I know, but if he is innocent he has nothing to fear. Why don't you persuade him, Ann?"

"I'll try," she said doubtfully.

We left it at that, and I walked down to Tony's in a very thoughtful frame of mind. I was mentally reviewing all that Ann and I had said, and, more important, the things we had left unsaid. The more I considered the whole affair, the less I liked it. I had impulsively promised Ann that I would hold my tongue, but I did not share her blind faith in the Palmers. Joy had attacked their family pride, and I fully believed that Millicent, at least, was capable of going to any lengths in defence of her weak-kneed younger brother. I could hardly bear the thought of Ann being involved in all this beastliness. It seemed utterly wrong.

Passing the Thomas home, my thoughts turned to the original cause of the trouble. Joy had evidently been quite amoral, or, as her mother had said, "down-right wicked." I pictured her beautiful, mocking face, and for a moment I hated her memory. My sympathy for Mrs. Thomas and Ernie was still strong, but now that Ann had been drawn into the mess Joy had left behind her I felt only resentment.

Nevertheless, I wished even more fervently for the mystery to be solved. While things remained as they were, I knew Ann could never be happy.

I realised wryly that both my colleagues were in the same position. I had little doubt that Sylvia's unhappiness was due to fear as to how deeply Ron was involved in Joy's death. I wondered if Ron, too, had been a victim of Joy's blackmailing activities. If so, it was quite in keeping with what I knew of his character for him to react violently, and I didn't wonder that Sylvia was apprehensive. I tried to imagine how I would feel if Tony had been similarly involved, and abandoned the attempt with joyous scorn.

Thought of Tony was sufficient to dispel my depression, and when I arrived at his home I gave myself up to the happiness I always felt in his company, and temporarily forgot Ann and her problems.

I recalled them with a shock when I saw her at school on Monday morning. She did not wear her worry for all to see, as Sylvia did, and to a casual observer would have seemed her normal self, but I, who knew her so well, was conscious of an inner tension. The serenity which was natural to her had been replaced by a rigidly controlled composure. I did not like it one bit.

In an attempt to distract her thoughts, I suggested that we pay our overdue visit to the Rectory. Ann pulled a face. "Oh, Noel! Must we?"

"We'll have to go sooner or later, and we may as well get it over."

"I hate that long, dark road down to the Rectory at any time, and in the winter it gives me the creeps. Still, I suppose we must go. Poor Mrs. Meredith gets so hurt."

Accordingly, the next evening found us, clad in raincoats and goloshes, trudging through

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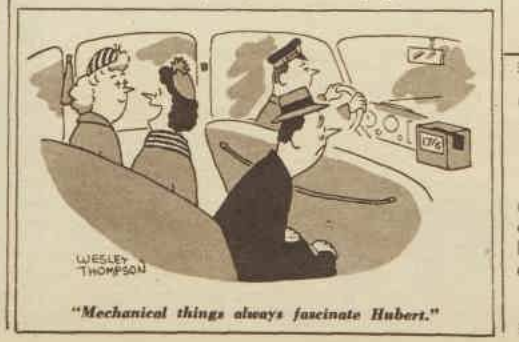

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VEGETABLE
Laden with tempting vegetables.

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Made from choice S.A. celery.

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At its best — soup just like Mother prepares.

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He's got something to sing about!

This young fellow is really happy about his nappy these days. That's because mother has protected him from nappy rash with gentle, safe "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Smooth on "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly each time you change baby's nappy and you can be sure he'll be twice as comfortable.

Hygienic "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is available everywhere.

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The Stranger Beside Me

By Mabel Seeley

This novel centres around Carl and Christine, two unusual people who come together in the bustle and cross currents of a big store. Both are ambitious and both have ability, but success demands something else as well.

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a misty rain to the Rectory. My torch sent a comforting beam ahead of us, picking out gleaming puddles and muddy cart-ruts.

"I'm sure I don't know why they had to build the Church so far out of the town," muttered Ann rebelliously. "No wonder the congregations are poor in the winter."

Actually, the town had grown and developed away from the Church, which had been built in the days of the convicts and was considered one of the town's main points of interest for visitors. Like most buildings of the period it was an exact replica of its English prototype, built of massive blocks of grey stone and set in spacious grounds among oaks and elms and poplars planted by homesick settlers. On a summer day the churchyard was a place of beauty, but on a wet winter's evening it was, at best, depressing, and we skirted it hastily to pass through the gate leading into the Rectory garden.

The term garden is misleading, for it was more of a wilderness. Our Rector was no gardener, even had he had time to spare, and the odd-job man who pottered about the Rectory did little to control the chaos. From the gate to the front door the path wound between tangled shrubs and beneath overhanging trees from which rain dripped relentlessly on to our heads and trickled down our necks.

A turn in the path brought us into sight of the house and lights shone comfortingly from downstairs windows and through the colored panes of glass on either side of the heavy front door. At our ring the door was opened by the Rector himself. "Ah, my dear girls. Come in. Such a wretched night for you to venture out, but Mrs. Meredith will be delighted to see you.

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Murder Among Those Present

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Leave your wet things here in the hall and come in to the fire."

Mrs. Meredith put aside the book she had been reading and rose to meet us. Her welcome was genuine and I was glad we had made the effort to come. Conversation flowed easily for a time, but at length a silence descended, one of those sticky silences in which everyone searches frantically for a fresh topic for discussion.

"What have you been reading lately, Mrs. Meredith?" I asked, picking up the book she had put down on our entrance. I saw, with some surprise, that it was a murder mystery. "Are you a 'whodunit' fan?"

She colored and looked deprecatingly at her husband. "Yes. William thinks it's terrible, but I do enjoy a good mystery."

"It seems a shocking waste of time to me," said Mr. Meredith sharply. "There are so many worthwhile books to be read and so little time in which to read them. No one can possibly read the choicest of the world's literature in a lifetime, so it seems wicked to waste time on this—this trash!"

"I enjoy it," repeated Mrs. Meredith with gentle obstinacy. "I like trying to work it out for myself and solve the mystery before the author tells you. I usually do, too," she added with some pride.

"You should try yourself out on our local mystery," I suggested. Remembering Ann, I could have bitten my tongue, but the damage was done.

"Poor Joy," said Mrs. Meredith sadly. "Not a good girl, I'm afraid, but we got quite fond of her when she was with us, didn't we, William? It's a funny thing, but when I try to think of her now I keep seeing that picture of Ophelia—you know the one, where she's floating in the water—by Rossetti I think it is. I'm sure I don't know why. Association of ideas, I suppose, and the cases are rather similar, don't you think?"

I thought Joy would have coped with the dilatory Hamlet in a much more forthright manner than poor, bewildered Ophelia, but before I could hazard an opinion the rector was once again snapping at his unfortunate wife.

"Nonsense, Vera! Fanciful nonsense! There's no similarity—none at all!"

WITH that same gentle obstinacy, Mrs. Meredith persisted, "Well, they were both drowned and in each case there is some doubt as to how it happened. Ophelia's death might have been an accident, but it looked like suicide and so did Joy's. Oh, yes, William. I know you gave her the benefit of the doubt, but we don't really know."

Seeing that Mr. Meredith was on the verge of another testy outburst, I interrupted quickly, "Joy was murdered!"

Mrs. Meredith gave a little gasp. "Dear me, Noel. You do sound definite."

"I am. In my mind there's no doubt at all."

"But even the police weren't sure."

"Perhaps Noel has been doing a little detective work of her own," interposed Mr. Meredith. "Maybe she knows more than the police. Eh, my dear?" His tone was patronising and increased the irritation I was already feeling towards him.

"Perhaps I do!" I retorted recklessly.

Ann looked at me reproachfully and Mr. Meredith's eyes sharpened with curiosity.

"A female Sherlock Holmes," he smiled. "All the same, I doubt whether any amateur can ever really do a better job than the police, with their intensive training and their efficient organisation. I imagine you are only joking, Noel, but if you are not I advise you to leave such work to the people best fitted for it. They don't seem to have had much success so far, but I don't think you are likely to succeed where they have failed."

"I don't see why not," I argued obstinately. "You know what country people are. They just act like clams towards strangers or officials, but with someone like me, whom they know well, they aren't on their guard. For example, Mrs. Thomas confides in me quite a lot, whereas she is self-conscious and uncomfortable with the sergeant, and the same thing applies in other cases. I daresay I could give that smart detective a point or two right now."

I stopped, aware that my belated attempt to joke had fallen flat. There was an air of growing tension in the room. Ann was fidgeting miserably, and the Mereditbs were both regarding me curiously, wondering, no doubt, whether or not I really did know any more than they did. I knew the Rector hated anyone to know more about the affairs of his parish than he did, and felt a malicious satisfaction at having given him something to think about, but I was sorry to have upset Ann.

I smiled across at her reassuringly and said as lightly as possible, "Enough of this nonsense. Aren't we to have any checkers to-night, Mrs. Meredith? Ann and I always look forward to our game down here."

Ann swallowed hard and gallantly supported my whopping lie. We both loathed checkers, but Mrs. Meredith loved to play and needed no further encouragement to get the board out. Mr. Meredith joined in with gracious condescension, and the rest of the evening passed smoothly, if boringly. We dutifully drank the innocuous tea and ate the sad little cakes that inevitably constituted supper at the Rectory, and then, feeling that we had done all that could possibly be expected of us for one evening, prepared for home.

"Are you sure you will be all right?" asked Mr. Meredith perfunctorily.

We hastened to assure him that we would, for we knew he hated to get his car out unless it was absolutely necessary. Whether his reluctance was due to motives of economy, or whether he simply disliked driving, we never knew, but he used his car only in cases of emergency, preferring to visit his parishioners on foot or on a dilapidated bicycle, which he rode with unclerical abandon.

Stepping from the warm security of the house into the dripping dark, I caught my breath at the sudden chill and heard Ann beside me do the same. During the evening a wind had risen and the trees in the old garden strained and sobbed around us as we stumbled along the winding path to the gate.

"Good night for ghosts," said Ann only half-jokingly, throwing a hasty glance in the direction of the churchyard. I thought of the ghost of a golden-haired wanton, whose influence was threatening Ann's happiness, and said nothing.

It was a relief to reach the open road. Freed from the shadows of the trees, we found the night not quite so dark. Although the houses in Sutton had electricity, the street lighting was very scanty and did not extend far beyond the main streets, so that I was glad I had brought my torch. We walked closely together, huddled behind its beam, while the wind whipped our coats about our legs and drove sudden

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Unusual industry for women

WOMEN play an important part in the mutton bird industry on the Furneaux Islands in Bass Strait.

The season during which the birds may be caught is limited to five weeks each year — from March 23 until April 30 —and each day's work begins before dawn and does not end until after dark.

It's a trying time for the housewife: meals to prepare, children to care for, and plucking and cleaning the birds. And they have to live in roughly made sheds while the birding season is on, but when it's all over they go back to their comfortable homes.

You can read more about life on the Furneaux Isles in A.M. (Aug. 25).

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"FEARED COMING OF NIGHT" SLEEPLESS HOURS FROM BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH

4 MONTHS IN BED... NOW GARDENS AND KEEPS HOUSE WITHOUT EFFORT

Here is a remarkable letter from Mrs. J. V. Pollett of Waratah Street, Leichhardt, one of thousands of men and women all over the world caused to bless the day they first started to take Lantigen 'B'.

Lantigen 'B' is the oral vaccine treatment which has brought such prompt, long-lasting relief from the misery of Catarrhal and Bronchial infections. If you suffer the nasal congestion, obstructed breathing, throbbing, splitting headaches and pain of Catarrh and Bronchitis, read every word of what Mrs. Pollett has to say about her own wonderful recovery after years and years of misery. *Six years ago, she wrote—*

CATARRHAL POISONS INFECT YOUR TISSUES AND SAP YOUR VITALITY!

LIKE A DRIPPING TAP
Catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, causing splitting headaches, blocked-up nasal passages, racking coughs, congestion in nose, throat and chest.

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchitis and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself. *I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little; yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed.* I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. *In three weeks I was up and about again and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.*

"I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache.

"I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B'. If I had had the same treatment from anyone else it would have cost me £100."

LANTIGEN has changed the lives of thousands of sufferers all over the world!... IT CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU!

HOW LANTIGEN WORKS!

Lantigen 'B' is not merely a temporary method of getting short-term relief. It is an oral vaccine, taken just like ordinary medicine which stimulates the natural healing power of the body to produce antibodies. These antibodies are the natural antidote to germ infection. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation and thus clear up congestion, ease aching catarrhal headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages and thereby help to restore general good health and sound sleep. In addition, as Mrs. Pollett's letter demonstrates, they promote the development of long-term immunity against the return of infection.

SCIENTIFIC BACKING FOR ORAL VACCINES

Oral Vaccines are taken by mouth instead of being injected with a needle. Of the oral method of administering vaccines, leading experts on the subject, D. and R. Thomson, in their book, "Oral Vaccines and Immunization by Other Unusual Routes," say, "If it" (the oral vaccine) "is given frequently enough we can be sure that it is gradually getting into the system and thereby producing a cumulative immunizing effect."

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe, writing in the British Medical Journal, says, "In my experience the oral vaccines have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions, and catarrhal enterocolitis . . . Clinical response has also been quite definitely marked in numerous cases."

Go To Your Chemist Today!

Get the first bottle of Lantigen 'B' and take it as directed. If you get the same sort of benefit as Mrs. Pollett and others have received, you can look forward to relief from troubles which have plagued you for years.

AND NOW TODAY...

Since that letter was written, Mrs. Pollett has suffered no return of the infection which caused such misery and distress.

"I might well have died had it not been for Lantigen 'B'. Now I am able to do my housework, to garden and to live a normal, active life. During the years since I first took Lantigen, I have followed your instructions carefully and have regularly taken the weekly maintenance doses you recommend. I have always been glad to tell anybody what Lantigen has meant to me and that is why I freely give you permission to publish this letter as well as the previous one I wrote you."

ECONOMICAL. For just a few pence per day Lantigen 'B' will *stop* the misery of Catarrhal and Bronchial disorders. No injections nor harmful drugs . . . guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.

Ask Your Chemist Today for

Lantigen 'B'

ORAL VACCINE

taken just like ordinary medicine for

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS RECURRENT COLDS

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories Sydney

HOW LANTIGEN CAN HELP YOU IF YOU SUFFER FROM...

● **COMMON COLDS:** Lantigen 'A' ● **BOILS AND PIMPLES:** Lantigen 'D' quickly relieves distressing symptoms, clears up embarassing skin complaints helps to promote long-term immunity without painful injections.

● **RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS:** ● **HAY FEVER:** Lantigen 'E' is proved Lantigen 'C' is the proved treatment for successful in even long-standing cases Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago.

OVER 3,000,000 BOTTLES OF LANTIGEN SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

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Continuing . . . .

Murder Among Those Present

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stinging gusts of rain into our faces.

"What a night," said Ann breathlessly. "Thank goodness that is over for a few months. You gave me some bad moments in there, Noel. I wondered what on earth you were going to say next. Mr. Meredith being the gossip he is, all Sutton will probably know in a few days that you are setting up as an amateur detective."

"I'm sorry if I worried you, Ann. I had no intention of saying anything about Vin and his affairs. I'll admit I said more than I intended, but Mr. Meredith always manages to get my back up. He always treats us as if we were children, and he's so impatient with his poor, unfortunate wife. She is a bit silly, but he could use a little Christian forbearance."

"That temper of yours will get you into trouble one of these days," commented Ann gloomily. "It's a wonder it hasn't already."

I bit back a retort, for honesty compelled me to admit that she was right. I had only baited Millicent Palmer because she had annoyed me, and I wished most devoutly that I had not. I would have been much happier without the knowledge I had so gained. Despite my exchange with the Rector, I really had no wish to play detective. I wanted to see the mystery cleared up and disposed of, but I was quite content to leave the task to the experts. At the same time, I was conscious of a chill of foreboding. Somehow I knew that I was destined to watch this drama played out to its bitter end, but what that end might be I could not imagine. I only hoped it was not to be tragedy for the girl at my side.

As if my uneasiness had been passed to her, Ann suddenly gripped my arm with nervous strength. "Noel, I'm sure someone is following us. Listen!"

I listened intently, but could hear no sound above the noise of the wind and rain.

"I'm sure I heard footsteps. Stand still for a minute."

We stood motionless on the wet road, but still I could hear nothing.

"Nerves," I scoffed, but my voice quavered uncertainly. Angry with myself, I turned and shone my torch back over the way we had come.

"See. There is no one there—" My voice died in my throat. Had it been imagination, or had I glimpsed a dark figure, caught for a second in the outermost ray of light before it took refuge in the thick shadows of the hedge? I did not wait to investigate. I clutched at Ann and, hand in hand like a pair of terrified children, we ran, splashing heedlessly through mud and puddles, until, breathless and exhausted, we reached the first of the street lights.

We paused under its sheltering radiance and struggled to regain our breath. We were both a little ashamed of our panic and laughed shakily at each other.

"It was probably only a cow," suggested Ann.

"Then it should have been asleep, like all self-respecting cattle," I retorted.

Such was our state of nerves that this extremely feeble remark reduced us to helpless giggles. I wondered what any of our pupils would have thought if they could have seen their two staid schoolma'ams standing stock still in the middle of the road convulsed with nervous giggling. I pulled myself together sharply.

"Well. This is the parting of the way. You'll be all right now. You have only to go along the main street and you have lights all the way."

"What about you? Do you think you will be all right, or would you like to come and spend the night with me?"

I laughed. "Ailsa would have a fit if she woke in the morning and found I hadn't been home all night. I'll be quite safe. There are houses all along the way. Cut along home and I'll see you at school in the morning. Good night, Ann—and try to sleep, my dear," I added with a sudden rush of tenderness.

Ann's lip trembled, but she answered valiantly, "I'm so tired, nothing could keep me awake. Good night, Noel."

I watched her slender figure swing away down the street, and then turned for home. Despite my brave words, I was sickeningly nervous, and, once I was sure Ann was out of earshot, I broke into a run, wondering as I passed the silent houses what their occupants would think of my flying footsteps if they were awake to hear them.

I had never been so thankful for the security of my little room as when I reached it and sank trembling on to the bed. I lit a cigarette and inhaled gratefully, for we did not smoke at the Rectory.

The door to my room opened on to the back porch of the house, and I had often been glad of this, for it meant that when I was out at night I could come in without disturbing the household. That night, however, the thought of that doorway open to the dark yard did not please me. For a few moments I sat and gazed thoughtfully at its blank face,

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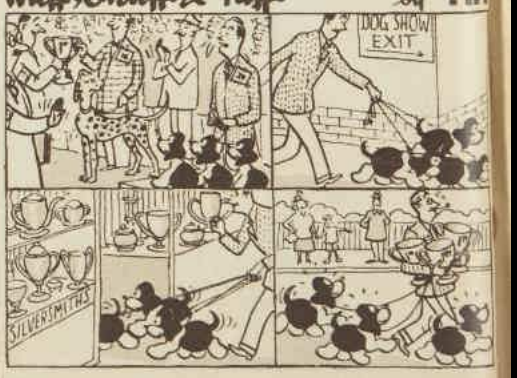
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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Continuing . . . .

Murder Among Those Present

from page 46

and then, for the first time since I had come to Sutton, I walked across the room with deliberate steps and turned the key firmly in the lock.

I was awakened by a banging on the door and Ailsa's urgent voice: "Noel! Noel! Wake up. You'll be terribly late if you don't hurry. Your breakfast is ready."

"Coming," I mumbled sleepily. Making hurriedly for the bathroom, I twisted the handle of my door unsuccessfully for a few seconds before I remembered locking it the night before.

Somehow I managed to get to school and sign on before Mr. Marsh ruled the red line.

Considerate though he was, he was punctilious with regard to small details of discipline, and expected us to be the same.

Punctually at 8.30 a.m. he ruled a firm red line in the time book, and if we were a few minutes late it was recorded for all time. It was only a small matter, but we all valued his good opinion and hated to fall below his standards, even in such minor details.

After the classes had been dismissed at the close of the day, the school presented a scene of great activity. Various of the senior boys were busy moving desks with noisy enjoyment, preparing the rooms for a card evening to be held at the school that night. We were fortunate in having an energetic and hard-working Parents' Association, which was responsible for many improvements to the school and the provision of a great deal of additional equipment. One of the favorite methods of raising funds was the holding of periodical card evenings.

As far as the staff was concerned, attendance at these functions was regarded as an obligation, but we had little to do with the actual organising. The mothers, competent country women all, treated our attempts to help with good-natured tolerance and went blandly on their own way. Teachers came and went, but they had been running these functions for years, and each woman had her own part to play.

One evening varied little from another, but the players who attended them regularly always seemed to enjoy them thoroughly. Most of the room was devoted to euchre players, but a few tables at one end were set aside for those who preferred bridge. Sylvia usually joined the euchre players, because Ron was happier there, but Ann and I had no hard-and-fast rule. If we were needed to make up a four, we filled in at the bridge tables, but otherwise we drifted from one part of the room to another, watching the play; or went into the next room and tried to help the women preparing the supper.

I rather enjoyed the time spent in the supper-room. It was bright and cheerful with the big log fire burning in the open fireplace to heat the brimming kerosene tins filled with water to make the strong tea and fragrant, steaming coffee. I enjoyed, too, the hearty, natural conversation of the women as they worked happily cutting stacks of sandwiches and setting out the various contributions of home-made scones, cakes, and pastries.

I liked these country women and was happy in their company. Many of them had had little education and they were all inveterate gossips, but they possessed a sturdy commonsense and independence that appealed to me. They respected a teacher's superior knowledge and education, but, before they admitted any one of us into their friendship, we were measured by a rigid personal standard.

Natural dignity such as Ann's they understood and approved, but woe betide any teacher who was judged guilty of "giving herself airs." She found herself subjected to many minor humiliations as a result of a tacit conspiracy designed to "take her down a peg or two." Everything we did or said was noted, weighed, and judged. The position of Caesar's wife would have been a rest cure compared with that of a schoolteacher in Sutton.

Having worked in country towns before, I had walked warily for my first few months in Sutton, but now, in my second year, I felt that I was on a firm footing. Now that I had decided to spend the rest of my life there, I was more than ever determined to be accepted by the people of Sutton. Tony was enormously popular, and I wanted to be regarded with the genuine affection that he evoked so effortlessly.

I DID not particularly like card-playing, but I never missed one of the school card evenings because of the opportunity they gave me to meet and talk with members of the community whom I otherwise seldom saw.

Having supervised the boys' arrangements of the desks and sent them on their way, I still had a good deal of correction and preparation for the next day to attend to, and it was nearly tea-time before I set out for home. I arrived there to find a domestic scene in progress. John was looking aggrieved and mildly obstinate; Ailsa sulky and hostile. The innocent cause of the trouble sat squarely in the centre of the kitchen table—a large red crayfish staring stonily at the combatants with its protuberant eyes.

Both Ailsa and John hailed me as a possible ally and poured their arguments into my bewildered ears. At length, I disentangled the story from the welter of dispute and recrimination.

One of John's clients, returning from a holiday at the coast, had presented him with the crayfish, and John, expecting an enthusiastic welcome, had proudly brought it home for the evening meal. Ailsa, of course, had already prepared her meal and, being always a stickler for routine, had been far from pleased at being asked to change her plans at the last moment.

She had evidently not been particularly tactful, and John, surprised and injured, had become obstinate and was insisting that he would have crayfish or nothing.

"I've a good mind to throw the wretched thing in the dustbin," said Ailsa crossly. "I can't risk keeping it till to-morrow. Goodness knows how old it is now. It will probably make us all sick. I'm sure it's the wrong time of the year for them, too."

"It's quite fresh, and there is no wrong time of the year," argued John. "If you throw it out, I'll go down to Mrs. Hart's for my dinner—and I won't come home until after she closes the bar."

This threat steadied Ailsa. She and John had arranged to visit friends that evening, and she had no wish to arrive without him and be forced to make awkward excuses and explanations. It was very seldom that John opposed her in any way, but on the rare occasions on which he did so she was usually forced to give way.

"What had you prepared for to-night?" I asked.

"Steak-and-kidney pie," said Ailsa sulkily.

"Well, that will keep till to-morrow. Let's have the cray to-night, and to-morow you will be able to have an easy day with no dinner to prepare. I'll make the mayonnaise for you, and as it's John's cray he can jolly well dismember it and get it ready for us. That will give you a chance to attend to Belinda."

"I might have known you'd side with John," grumbled Ailsa, but she was glad of the opening I had given her to retreat from her original uncompromising stand, and we eventually sat down to tea in comparative amity.

"I think I'd better hang up now, Emily."

As I ate, I wondered whether Tony and I would ever quarrel over anything so petty, and decided smugly that we were far too sensible. I was sure we would never, never quarrel, even over big issues, let alone such a trivial one as this. My pride was to have a humiliating tumble before many weeks had passed.

As a result of the late meal, I was later in arriving at the school than I had intended, and play was already in progress. These evenings bored Tony unutterably, and he flatly refused to attend them, but he usually came in to supper and drove me home. I shed my coat and walked over to the fireplace to survey the scene, acknowledging greetings as I went.

Ann waved to me from a bridge table in one corner of the room, and I was amazed to see that her partner was Vin Palmer. To my knowledge, he had never before in his life attended one of these evenings, and his presence had very definite implications. By allowing him to partner her, Ann was coupling her name with his in the minds of the community as irrevocably as if they had announced their engagement.

I could not pretend to be pleased, but I didn't intend to let anyone else know my feelings, so I walked over and stood behind her chair, greeting Vin in as friendly and casual a manner as if his presence there was perfectly natural. I stood and watched the play for a time. Ann and Vin were winning steadily. Ann played a competent though uninspired game, but Vin, playing with the recklessness that characterised him, took appalling risks and somehow managed to carry them through.

Their opponents, the postmaster and his wife, were obviously bemused by his tactics, but they were not the type of players to take their game too seriously, and all four seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Ann spent most of her time as "dummy," and at last, laying her cards on the table once more, she stood up and announced that she was going to get warm. "Coming, Noel?"

Together we walked over to the fireplace. Although we worked together each day, we were always happy in each other's company and, when we were out, seemed naturally to spend most of our time together.

"Well?" she asked, turning to me with a gentle smile as we reached the fire.

"I suppose you realise that every woman here is either thinking about you or discussing you?" I said.

"Let them," she said tranquilly. "I'm a public benefactor for giving them something new to discuss. I don't care what any one of them thinks. I do care what you think, though. What are you thinking, Noel?"

"I don't know what to think,

To page 52

"Use bath-size Lux Toilet Soap"

says MARILYN MONROE *star of 20th-Century Fox's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"*

Sensational! That's Marilyn Monroe, Hollywood's greatest find in years. A smooth honey blonde with a provocative glance and lustrous, velvet-soft skin that has make-up experts agog! "Lux Toilet Soap makes skin softer, dewier", adds Marilyn, "just one cake of this fragrant white beauty soap will make you lovelier!"

Lux Toilet Soap is white because it's PURE . . . so pure you should use it for baby's precious skin. In bath or shower Lux Toilet Soap swiftly removes dust and dirt, leaving skin delightfully fresh.

First for Lather! Perfume! Color!

In an independent survey of Australian families more men and women preferred Lux Toilet Soap for lather, perfume and color. More people the world over buy Lux Toilet Soap than any other brand. Buy Lux Toilet Soap for *all* the family.

9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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Pure Grape Sugar

They're sun-enriched

SULTANA APPLE TEA CAKE

Two cups self raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup drained stewed apple, ¾ cup sultanas, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter and add the sugar. Mix to a soft dough with the beaten egg, milk and vanilla. Turn on to a floured board and knead lightly. Divide into 3. Roll each piece to fit a 7 inch sandwich tin. Place one third in a greased sandwich tin and cover with half the stewed apple, spice and sultanas. Cover with another piece of dough and spread over the remainder of the apple, spice and fruit. Top with the third piece of dough. Glaze the top with egg and sprinkle with brown sugar and nuts. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce the heat to moderate and cook for a further 20 to 25 minutes.

concentrated energy—SULTANAS

CURRANT FRITTERS

Three tablespoons currants, 4 tablespoons boiled rice, 6 rounded tablespoons plain flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg, 2 eggs, ½ pint milk, frying fat.

Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Sift the flour, nutmeg and salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre and add the egg yolks and half the milk. Stir with a wooden spoon slowly blending the dry ingredients with the liquid. Add the remainder of the milk and mix to a smooth batter. Whisk the egg whites until stiff. Stir them lightly into the batter at the same time adding the rice, currants and sugar. Drop spoonsful into hot fat and fry until crisp and brown. Turn while cooking. Drain well on paper and serve hot dusted with sugar and sprinkled with lemon juice.

vital vitamins—CURRANTS

RAISIN TUTTI FRUITTIS.

Biscuit. 3oz. butter or margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon water, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 6 oz. plain flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Filling. Two tablespoons finely chopped seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon mixed fruit, 1 tablespoon finely chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon sherry or lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Icing. Four oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon sherry or lemon juice, ½ teaspoon butter.

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add the egg yolk and the water and vanilla. Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt. Stir into the mixture making a dry dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead lightly. Roll thinly. Cut into rounds with a fluted cutter. Place on a greased tray and bake in a moderate oven from 7 to 10 minutes. Cool on the tray. Combine all the ingredients for the filling. Stir over a low heat until well blended. Join the cooled biscuits in pairs with the filling. Top with chocolate icing and a walnut.

essential iron—SEEDED RAISINS

PURE GRAPE SUGAR in *Currants, Sultanas* and *Seeded Raisins* does not cause tooth decay. Ask your dentist!

Send for more simple recipes, FREE!

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Tell me more uses for healthful Sultanas, Currants and Seeded Raisins

Name

Address

THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

Good Health in the best of Taste

SULTANAS SEEDED RAISINS CURRANTS

A.D.F.A.

Inserted by the Australian Dried Fruits Association.

Mother Nature — Nutrition Expert!

By Mrs. OLWEN MACKAY, Home Service Supervisor, Gas and Fuel Corporation, Melbourne.

Mrs. Mackay

Today one hears so much scientific terminology about food that any housewife has an excuse for becoming somewhat bewildered. Yet Mother Nature is still hard to beat as a nutritionist, and it is often the established favourite that leads the field.

OUR own Australian-produced Currants, Sultanas, and Seeded Raisins are a case in point. One of the oldest known forms of nutrition, they still figure as prominently as ever in the world's kitchen economy.

If you go in harvest months to producing areas in Victoria, South Australia, New South Wales or Western Australia, you will see countless thousands of newly-picked grapes drying in the sunshine.

Sunshine Special — Every Year!

The fresh grapes dry naturally, out-of-doors, to receive the full benefits of the sun's energy. Every harvest literally millions of gallons of moisture are thus "dehydrated" leaving the "meat" and goodness of the fruit, which becomes a tiny capsule of sunshine.

That is why it takes 4 lb. of fresh grapes to yield 1 lb. of Currants, Sultanas or Seeded Raisins. When you buy them from your supplier, you are actually purchasing a unique "concentrate," nature having obligingly removed the unwanted moisture.

Being concentrates — dried fruits really are economical.

As a matter of fact, it is surprising how much of such moisture we do buy with ordinary fruit. Fresh fruits average over 75% moisture content and canned fruits can contain as high as 80%, while Dried Fruits are the other way round, with above 70% *fruit* content.

So when Grandma referred to Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins as economical, she knew what she was talking about.

Grape Sugar — the Dentist's Friend

The word "concentrates" does fit Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins exactly. How else could you describe fruits that eliminate virtually all waste substance and still pack in 3 to 8 times more natural sugar than fruit in any other form, as well as containing many other essential elements?

Grape Sugar is pure fruit sugar in its natural, unrefined state, and one of its main advantages is that it does not contribute to tooth decay.

Because they "burn up" energy so quickly, children need a lot of sugar — and they receive it in abundant measure from these wholesome fruits—and with no resulting dental caries.

Little Bundles of Energy

Another term frequently used today is "calory" which comes from the Latin word meaning "heat" and you can correctly think of it as meaning a unit of body fuel (or energy). Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins are especially rich in this. For example 1 lb. of Seeded Raisins will give your body 1,250 units of heat energy.

Looking at this extraordinarily high content in terms of other foods, 1 lb. of Seeded Raisins gives the same energy yield as 2 quarts milk, 1-1/3 lbs. of Porterhouse steak, or 19 eggs, **while Sultanas contain, in proportion, a higher calorific value than any other fruit.**

Familiar Currants also offer vitamins which build up bodily resistance to bacterial infections.

You can really say of Dried Fruits that they are little bundles of energy, obtainable, from the budgetary point of view, in a most economical form.

Of the many special health-building elements, dried fruits contain (such as calcium and iodine) one of the most important is the iron content. Iron is most necessary for toning up the bloodstream, keeping it rich and free from harmful impurities, but it is difficult to absorb into the system.

In fact, only by getting one's "ration" of it through Dried Fruits can one make sure that it is passed directly into the bloodstream—another of nature's accomplishments we have not yet learned to imitate.

Now I would like to pass on a few tips on ways to use Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins, which add flavor and appeal to the most varied fare.

Fruit that's always in Season . . .

Although Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins are universally popular, I have often discovered that some of their many uses are not generally appreciated. For instance, you probably have a favorite fruit-cake or pudding recipe, but you may not have realised that a homely raisin sandwich is a sure winner in a school lunch or picnic pack.

And although you certainly know that Sultanas do wonders for curry, have you ever tried them cooked with baked beans? They impart a most succulent "tang."

A popular American practice, which I can heartily recommend is to sprinkle a handful of Raisins or Sultanas on your breakfast cereal or porridge.

You can, if you wish, soak the Sultanas in water overnight, and in the morning you will find they have "filled out," acquiring a firm, round appearance and a new subtlety of flavor.

A breakfast or teatime special is Raisin bread, (containing Sultanas or Seeded Raisins) delicious toasted or untoasted. Raisin bread is very widely eaten in England and U.S.A., and you will find most bakers can supply it.

Baked apples offer another taste treat. After coring the apples, stuff them with Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins—they make an amazing difference to a familiar dish. A mere handful gives a unique "lift" to apple pie.

Putting it in a nutshell, you can see that both in cooking and diet, Mother Nature has given us a perfect food in Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins.

Raisin sandwiches in school lunches are flavorsome and healthful!

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Fill up the Oven

● ***Homely scones or rolls take on new interest when the recipes are varied by the addition of delicious fruits or savory ingredients.***

HERE are recipes for some that would be popular on any afternoon-tea or supper table.

Though weekly baking days are things of the past, it is a good idea to use every inch of oven space when you are baking, because fuel of any sort is expensive.

Any extra recipes made up will fill the cookie jars and cake-tins and give you a feeling of security against emergency calls on the hospitality of the home.

All spoon measurements in our recipes refer to level spoons.

CHEESE LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon good shortening, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in shortening, add onion, cheese, and sugar. Mix to scone dough consistency with beaten egg and milk. Fill into 2 greased nut-roll tins, bake approximately 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve sliced and buttered. Delicious sprinkled with chopped chives.

PAPRIKA STICKS

Two ounces good shortening, 1¼ cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3oz. dry grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon juice, paprika.

Rub shortening into flour sifted with salt and cayenne pepper. Add cheese. Mix to a dry, firm dough with egg-yolk mixed with lemon juice, saving about half a teaspoonful to mix with an equal amount of water for glazing. Roll out to 1/8in. thickness on lightly floured board. Brush with egg-yolk mixed with water, dust lightly with paprika. Cut into strips barely ¼in. wide and 4½in. long. Place on oven tray, bake in moderate oven about 6 to 8 minutes. Cool on trays.

POPPY-SEED ROLLS

Three ounces good shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1lb. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, poppy seeds.

Cream shortening and sugar, add unbeaten egg, mix well. Stir in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk, mixing to a soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, roll to scant ½in. thickness. Cut into rounds with a floured cutter about 2½in. in diameter. Brush half of each circle lightly with milk, fold over and press lightly together. Brush tops lightly with milk, sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Split and butter when cold.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

ORANGE CARAWAY GEMS

One and a half cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 1/3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar, caraway seeds, and orange rind. Add egg-yolk mixed with milk, and, lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Three-quarters fill hot, greased gem-irons. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot or cold, split and buttered.

TOASTED COCONUT LOAF

One cup shredded coconut, 3 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon melted shortening.

Toast coconut in a shallow pan in very moderate oven until golden brown but not too dark. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add sugar, stir in toasted coconut. Fold in beaten egg and milk mixed with vanilla and melted shortening, making a soft mixture. Pour into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours.

APRICOT RAISIN LOAF

Two cups plain flour, ½ cup chopped seeded raisins, ½ cup chopped dried apricots (soaked 2 or 3 hours in a small quantity of boiling water), 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, grated rind of ½ orange, ½ cup melted shortening.

Drain apricots thoroughly, mix with raisins, add a little of the flour and toss lightly until fruits are coated. Sift remainder of flour with baking powder, soda, and salt. Mix with sugar and fruits. Add beaten egg mixed with milk, melted shortening, and orange rind, mixing to a firm consistency. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin at least 10 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. Slice when quite cold.

PAPRIKA STICKS, apricot raisin loaf, cheese loaf (buttered and sprinkled with chopped chives), orange caraway gems, poppy-seed rolls, and cheese-sauce scones. The recipes are given on this page.

CHEESE-SAUCE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons good shortening, ¾ cup milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

SAUCE: 1 tablespoon shortening, 1½ tablespoons flour, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons chopped green olives, ½ teaspoon mustard, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll to ½in. thickness on lightly floured board, cut into rounds or squares with floured cutter or knife. Melt cheese over low heat, add 1 tablespoon extra shortening, spread over tops of scones arranged on greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

SAUCE: Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in salt, pepper, and milk. Continue stirring until boiling, fold in olives, mustard, and cheese. Pour over hot buttered or plain scones.

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NEW PROCESS *adds precious lactose . . . extra milk minerals*

Now, Velveeta is richer in food values than ordinary cheese. Why? Because precious lactose (milk sugar), much milk mineral and Vitamin B_2 are lost in making ordinary cheese—run off in the whey. But Velveeta *puts them back*—adds them to the other vitamins, proteins, calcium and phosphates you and your family need for perfect health. This new process makes Velveeta spread like butter—in fact you don't need butter. Makes a delicious cheese sauce simply by melting. Ask for rich-yet-mild Velveeta. Processed and pasteurised for purity.

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Here's how Air-wick works this magic. Place Air-wick bottle above smell and pull up the wick. As Air-wick evaporates it descends, for the vapor is heavier than air. The compounds in Air-wick meet the smells as they rise and pair with them. Neutralising them. Killing them utterly. Only Air-wick uses 125 smell-destroying, air-freshening compounds as used in nature plus nature's miracle-working chlorophyll.

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WIENER SCHNITZEL will make an attractive addition to your menu. For best results it should be served as soon as it is cooked. Souffle potatoes and grilled tomatoes complete the dish. See the prize-winning recipe.

SAVORY DISH

Wiener schnitzel, a popular Viennese recipe, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

SERVED with souffle potatoes and lightly grilled tomatoes, this dish is as easy on the budget as it is to prepare.

The other prize recipes below are worth adding to your collection. Send us your recipe, whether it is new, unusual, or an old family favorite. It may win you money in our popular weekly contest.

All spoon measurements used in our recipes are level.

WIENER SCHNITZEL

One pound veal steak, paprika, salt, pepper, seasoned flour, egg glazing, fine breadcrumbs, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 bay leaf, 1 hard-boiled egg, anchovies.

Cut veal into thin slices, flatten with broad-bladed knife. Season with paprika, salt, and pepper. Coat with flour, egg, and breadcrumbs. Fry gently in hot fat until brown and tender, turning to brown both sides. Drain on kitchen paper, keep hot. Pour off fat, reserving about 1 tablespoon. Add 1 tablespoon flour, stir until smooth, cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add stock or water, lemon juice, chopped tomatoes, and bay leaf. Stir until boiling, simmer 10 minutes, rub through sieve. Place veal slices on heated dish, arrange slice of hard-boiled egg on each, top with curled anchovy. Serve with gravy.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Hunt, Bridgewater Park, S.A.

ECONOMICAL LUNCH-BOX CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 eggs, 2 heaped tablespoons mashed cooked pumpkin, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup sultanas or currants, ¼ cup mixed peel, 3 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and lemon rind. Add golden syrup, then eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in mashed pumpkin, sultanas, and chopped peel, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin (bottom may be lined with greased paper), bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Stand 10 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Z. Mitchell, 23 Winsor St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

FISH AND EGG CASSEROLE

One pound cooked smoked fish, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, soft breadcrumbs, extra shortening, parsley.

Flake fish, sprinkle with lemon juice, allow to stand. Melt shortening, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Correct seasoning, fold in cheese. Arrange alternate layers of fish and sliced hard-boiled egg in casserole, starting and finishing with fish. Pour sauce over, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Dot with extra shortening, bake in moderate oven until thoroughly heated and browned. Top with chopped parsley, serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. M. Gregg, 41 Augusta Rd., Hobart.

PROBLEM CHILD

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ADULTS who complain of problem children are generally those who lack sympathetic understanding of the child's viewpoint.

Intelligent parents can accept most aspects of childish behaviour calmly, because they realise that it is unfair to judge children by adult standards.

For those who cannot deal with the difficult child successfully there are many modern, simply written books on child psychology to help with the everyday problems that arise within the family group.

Parents' discussion groups are also useful. They bring people together, give them an opportunity to talk about their difficulties, and find practical solutions.

A leaflet giving hints on the management of a "difficult" child can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed with the request.

6 wonderful NEW ways with— "CHOCOLATE CRACKLES"

ONE BASIC RECIPE makes all these variations

8 ozs. Copha, 8 ozs. icing sugar, 3 tablespoons (heaped) cocoa, 1 cup coconut, 4 cups Rice Bubbles.

1. Combine dry ingredients in a mixing bowl
2. Melt Copha in a saucepan pour onto dry ingredients and mix thoroughly
3. Spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set, or follow variations below.

PIE SHELL
Turn mixture into greased 9" or 10" pie plate, press out evenly to cover base and sides. Chill. Use for cream type fillings.

TARTLETS
Turn mixture into greased shallow patty tins and press out evenly to shape. Makes 18 tartlets for ice cream or other cold fillings.

SNOWBALLS
Allow to cool until firm enough to handle. Mould into balls and roll in coconut. Chill till firm. Twenty small balls.

NO COOKING

SNOW PEAKS
Mould mixture into pyramid shapes. Top with coarse or shredded coconut and place on a tin lined with greased paper until firm. Makes about 16.

FUDGE
Press mixture firmly into 6" square tin. Allow to set. Cut into 1" blocks. Makes 36.

ICE CREAM WAFER
Spread mixture thinly on greased paper. Allow to chill. Cut into squares, triangles or oblongs.

Always ask for delicious, nourishing

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES*

* RICE BUBBLES is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its brand of oven-popped rice.

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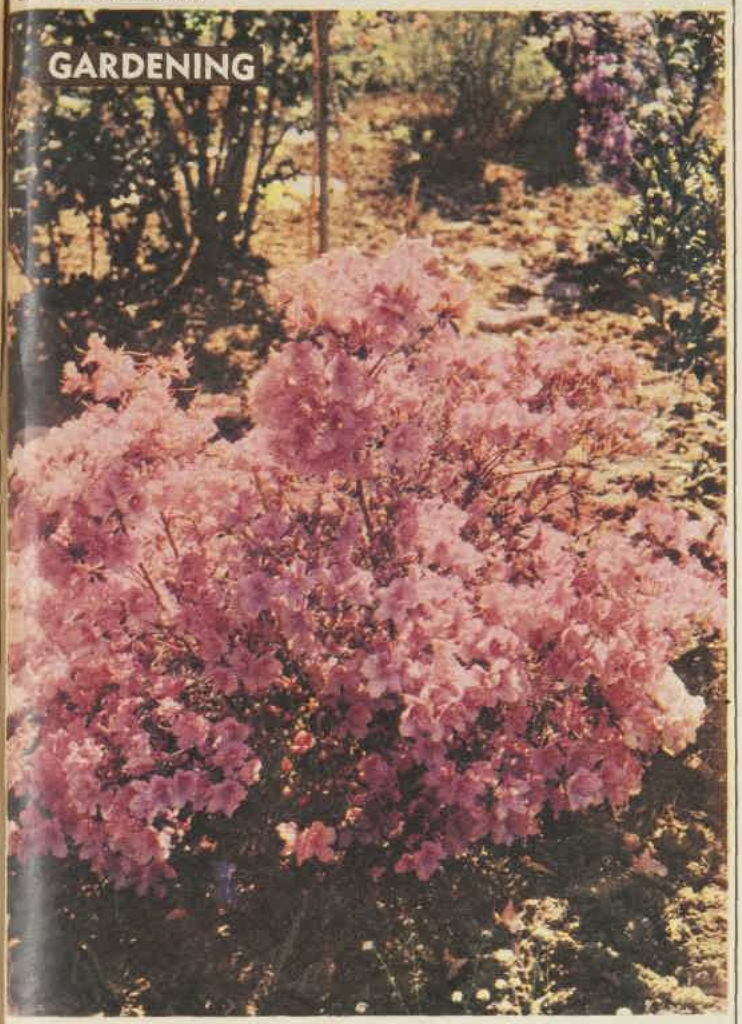
Bright and beautiful: AZALEAS

GARDENING



AZALEA SPLENDENS, a free blooming type, makes a great show in the garden. It is one of the later flowering varieties, and is at its best in October and November. Picture was taken in the garden of Mr. W. W. Kirwan, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Of all the acid-loving shrubs grown here, the azalea is probably the brightest, most beautiful, and most popular.

OTHER plants of the erica family, which include rhododendrons, ericas, kalmias, andromedas, leucothoes, and enkianthus, are mostly mountain lovers, requiring high altitudes and cool conditions.

Azaleas, however, do fairly well in open spaces as well as semi-shade from the hills down to the seaside.

Rightly, the azalea is a rhododendron, but to distinguish the shrub from the bigger, more robust type, and to include many dwarf varieties, the name azalea has come into common usage. Nurserymen classify them as Indian azaleas (azalea indica), Kurume azaleas (dwarf Japanese types), Ghent azaleas (Dutch hybrids), Mollis azaleas (deciduous types), and American azaleas. Species also come from China and mountainous regions in Southern and Central Asia. Varieties available range from plants that rarely exceed 2ft. to Indian and Chinese kinds that may grow 10ft. or 12ft. tall and 14ft. or 15ft. in width.

They have one thing in common: they are all lime haters and need sheltered positions. The soil should be well worked to a fair depth. They appear to do best in sandy areas to which leafmould or peaty material has been added.

They do not like poor, sandy soil because they are of shallow-rooting habit. Unless plenty of rotted vegetable matter is added to the soil they suffer intensely from thirst and may quickly die in very hot, dry weather. Sand should be built up with well-rotted cow manure, strawy horse manure, or compost decayed without the aid of lime.

Shrubs for the shade

Along the coast they should be given a well-protected southerly, south-easterly, or easterly position, where they are not subjected to full sunlight on summer afternoons. In very sandy areas a mulch of about two inches of well-rotted manure or compost, if applied after a thorough soaking, will keep them in good condition during heat-waves.

Some hybrids are more than ordinarily frost-tender, and in cold districts they need a cool glass-house.

Shelter from strong winds, particularly the hot north-westerlies, winter westerlies, and damaging southerlies, is very necessary.

Rattan screens, lath trellises, or similar protection should be provided where there is no natural shade. Azaleas may be planted under the partial shade of oak, pine, birch, beech, cherry, or small gum trees, provided the branches are about 15ft. to 20ft. above the shrubs.

Plant the big-type azaleas about 4ft. or 5ft. away from walls or fences. They take years to reach 10ft. to 15ft. high, but also need elbow room as they spread.

Some of the best varieties of Indian azaleas are Albert-Elizabeth (red and white), Deutsch Perle (double white), Splendens (salmon-pink), Empress of India (white, rose, and salmon), Avalanche (single white), Phoebus (double salmon-red), and Temperance (semi - double, heliotrope). Kurume azaleas are useful for planting among trees or at the foot of tall shrubs. Some of the best are Aioi (pink, semi-double), Beni Giri (light rose-red), Bouquet Rose (rose-pink, semi-double), Congala (deep rose), Irohayama (white-margined, pale lavender). — OUR HOME GARDENER.

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Continuing . . . .

Murder Among Those Present

from page 47

Ann," I said miserably. "I only know I want you to be happy."

Her swift smile was heart-rendingly gallant. She gave my hand a quick squeeze and made her way back to the table. I saw the glance Vin gave her as she re-seated herself. No one, seeing it, could have doubted his feelings, and I felt suddenly more cheerful.

I drifted over to watch the euchre players. Sylvia lifted her head to give me a surly greeting, and Ron nodded and smiled. He was winning and was feeling kindly disposed towards the assembly in general. I moved away from them to watch some of the older players. These were all "regulars," and they fascinated me.

Some of the women seemed incredibly old, but they played with the enthusiasm of children. They cheated and squabbled with cheerful abandon and kept up a constant fire of chaff and good-humored badinage with the men players. There were many quick tongues among them, and gleeful cackles greeted every lively sally. A few of the players treated the game with deadly earnestness, but they were in the minority.

Interested and amused, I watched them for a time, marvelling at the speed of the experienced players, and then wandered off to the other room to see if I could help the supper committee. They did not really need me, but they good-naturedly found me one or two small tasks and included me in their conversation. I sensed that they were anxious to discuss Ann with me, but, knowing the strength of our friendship, they refrained, until at last one, bolder or more malicious than the rest, took the plunge.

"Fancy Vin Palmer honoring us with his presence! I don't remember ever seeing him here before. School evenings are a bit beneath the Palmers, I should have thought."

"Bees fly where the honey is," said another slyly.

I was conscious of sharp eyes watching me eagerly and, not knowing how to respond, I took refuge in a stiff silence. I knew I could not stop these women talking, but I was determined not to be drawn into the discussion.

"His taste seems to be improving, anyway," pursued the first speaker, "but I must say I'm surprised at Miss Graham bothering with him. She must know the sort of company he used to keep."

There was the sound of a quickly indrawn breath beside me, and the woman next to the speaker nudged her sharply, indicating with the faintest of nods the patient figure of Mrs. Thomas working by my side.

I felt a rush of indignation. I had resented the conversation on Ann's behalf, but I knew she was really impervious to any gossip. Mrs. Thomas, however, was more vulnerable, and I wondered how women could be so cruelly thoughtless. Fortunately, others besides myself were quick to see the way the conversation was tending and rushed to the rescue with a new topic of conversation. Gradually the tension relaxed. Soon we heard from the next room the tinkle of the bell announcing the end of play, and we set to work to carry in the supper.

The players had broken up their rigid grouping and were moving about talking to their various friends. Soon the winners would be announced and the small prizes presented. Those who had been sitting at the far ends of the room moved towards the fire to get warm, and conversation became general. I found myself drawn into the chatter of a small group near the fire.

Ann and Sylvia were talking to Mrs. Kennedy while Vin and Ron, each in his own way looking profoundly uncomfortable, were exchanging platitudes with the Rector. Soon, to their obvious relief, he moved away to talk to someone else, and the two boys started discussing their only common interest—the land. They both seemed completely happy. I glanced at Sylvia and Ann. Sylvia was patently pleased to see her Ron talking on terms of friendly equality with the scion of the Palmers, and Ann was watching Vin with the expression of an anxious mother whose problem child is behaving phenomenally well.

I had to admit that Vin was behaving well. As I watched, the women started bringing in the heavy trays of tea and coffee, and he automatically stepped forward to relieve the woman nearest him and hand the cups around. Despite his easy courtesy, however, I could see that Ann was tense, and tried to reassure her with a smile as our eyes met. We all helped ourselves from the tray, and Ron, not to be outdone, followed Vin with sugar in one hand and sandwiches in the other.

I was attacking my sandwich with healthy appetite when Mrs. Meredith beside me murmured plaintively, "Oh, dear! This is coffee. I thought I took tea. I'll never sleep a wink to-night if I drink this." She looked around helplessly.

"Give it to me and I'll go and change it for you," I offered. "Don't let anyone steal my coffee. I'll leave it here on the table."

Just as I returned with the tea, Mrs. Marsh came hurrying in looking for me. "Oh, there you are, Noel. Tony wants you on the phone."

I handed Mrs. Meredith her cup and, with Mrs. Marsh, crossed the dark school-ground to the schoolhouse. I was already learning to hate the telephone.

"Is that Miss Vicary?" came the brisk voice of one of the junior nurses. "One moment, please. Dr. Gray wants to speak to you."

A minute later Tony's deep voice sounded over the wire. "Hello. Noel? Darling, I'm afraid I won't be able to pick you up to-night. We've had a very difficult confinement here. It's all over now, but I think I had better stay on deck for a while. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course," I answered, swallowing my disappointment. "Is it anyone I know, Tony?"

"Yes. You know her quite well. Beryl Young — Mrs. Hart's daughter."

"Oh! Poor Beryl. I do hope she'll be all right. Mrs. Hart will be so anxious. And the baby, Tony?"

"A boy. Nice little chap. I thought we were going to lose the pair of them, but everything's under control now. Cut back to your bun-fight. I'll see you tomorrow night I hope. I'm sorry about to-night, but you'll get home all right, won't you?"

"Of course," I repeated. "Good-night, my dear, I'll be looking forward to tomorrow night."

Little did I dream that I was to see Tony much sooner than I expected and that I wouldn't enjoy the meeting one little bit.

To be continued

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Fashion PATTERNS

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FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4066, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 504.—CROSS-OVER HOUSE FROCK

The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes red, blue, pink, lemon, and green, all printed in a white pin-spot. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 505.—DUCHESSE SET

The set, consisting of three mats, is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in a pretty leaf design. The set is in fine lilien in blue, pink, lemon, white cream, and also in a fine British cotton in pink, blue, lemon, deep cream, and green. The centre mat is 17in. x 11in. and the two smaller mats 6in. x 8in. The embroidery is done in satin and stem stitch in pastel colors. Linen, 7/11; cotton, 5/11. Postage and registration, 10d. extra.

No. 506.—SMALL GIRL'S SUN HAT

Two pretty and easy-to-make designs for a small girl's sun hat. The hats are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Design A, in plain cotton, has a color choice of white, lemon, blue, green, pink, and a deep cream. Design B is obtainable in a printed summer breeze cotton and features a pastel floral design in blue, red, green, and lemon, all printed on a white ground. Price, 4/6 each. Postage, 8d. extra.

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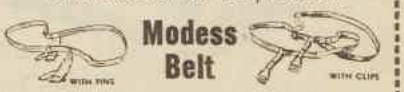

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